The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, *27,* Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* November *will be noticed in the* December *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th December, *in the* January *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet) has now finished her new story, and it is in the hands of a publisher. She proposes to winter in the East, probably the Holy Land.

We are glad to announce that Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. have in preparation an edition of the English Lyric Poets, to be published in monthly volumes, carefully printed on paper specially prepared and in a pleasing and pocketable form. The series will contain the finest work of the poets issued, and notes will be given supplying as far as possible the history of each poem. The series will be under the competent editorship of Mr. Ernest Rhys, and the names of the publishers are a guarantee of the elegance of reproduction. The first volume will be entitled 'The Prelude to Poetry,' and will be a collection of the classic prose writings of the poets upon their art—'The *Apologie* of Sidney,' 'The Defence of Shelley,' with essays by Dryden, Wordsworth, Coleridge, etc. One volume will be devoted to Lyrics from the Bible. These will be printed in the old version. Among other poets to be included are Spenser, Burns, Shelley, Sidney, Campion, Keats, Beaumont and Fletcher, Wordsworth, Ben Jonson, etc.

Mrs. G. J. Romanes is at present engaged in writing a biography of her late husband. In this work she is, we believe, assisted by the Rev. Philip Waggett, of Cowley, who wrote a very able obituary notice of Professor Romanes in the *Guardian*, by Professor Wyndham Dunstan, F.R.S., by the Dean of Christ Church, and some others. Mrs. Romanes is not altogether a literary amateur. She published a novel anonymously some years ago, and has since then done some literary work of various kinds.

Mr. Andrew Lang's 'Ban and Arrière Ban' has sold remarkably well, though the edition was not a "limited" one, but in point of fact rather large. It has already been once reprinted, and a third edition may be looked for in a short time. Mr. Lang has in prospect a fine book on 'The Last Years of Prince Charles Edward,' which will place in a new light the whole later career of the "Young Pretender." It will be prettily illustrated with miniatures and vignettes.

Mr. Crockett's modest little story of the 'Playactress,' which was written before the 'Raiders' and the 'Lilac Sunbonnet,' is reported to have enjoyed the unusual privilege of being revised by both the most distinguished Scottish critic and the most widely read Scottish novelist. It deals with the adventures of an old minister of a strict sect who comes to London to find out if any good thing can come out of the "City of Great Babylon." It will be issued before the New Year by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin in his Autonym series.

Mr. William Watson's many admirers will be glad to know that he is in town again, and that he has quite recovered his health. He is thinking of sharing a cottage in Buckinghamshire with a friend, but will be frequently in town this winter. The new volume of poems will be a little bulkier than his 'Lachrymæ Musarum.' Most of the contents have appeared in the *Spectator*, the *Yellow Book*, *Daily Chronicle*, and *Westminster Gazette.*

Mr. John Lane will publish shortly a new volume of poems by the Rev. H. C. Beeching, of Balliol College. It will be remembered that Mr. Beeching contributed some pretty lyrics to a volume of verse entitled 'Love in Idleness,' which made its appearance some two or three years ago. He has compiled, too, an anthology of English poetry, which has had a favourable reception. At the present time Mr. Beeching is engaged in editing the "Leaders of Religion" series for Messrs. Methuen.

Mrs. Mary Brotherton, of Freshwater, has prepared for the press a collection of her poems, many of which have appeared in *Macmillan* and other magazines. The title of her book will be 'Rosemary for Remembrance,' and its cover has been specially designed by Mr. Walter West. Mrs. Brotherton was a friend of the late Poet Laureate.

A new volume of essays by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, entitled 'Imagination in Dreams,' will shortly be issued by Mr. John Lane.

The Rev. A. J. Carlyle, Fellow and Chaplain of University College, Oxford, is preparing a life of Latimer for the "Leaders of Religion" series. A biography of the great Reformer, written from a purely historical standpoint, is much wanted.

Mr. Walter Raymond, whose 'Love and Quiet Life' has just been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, has completed a new book, 'Tryphena in Love,' which will be published in a new series of stories to be issued by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. Among other contributors will be Mr. Guy Boothby, who will write 'Thursday Island, a Record of Ninety Days; a Story of Life To-day in the South Pacific.' Miss Barlow will also contribute a volume.

We understand that Mr. Percy White has written a volume for the series of short stories arranged for by Messrs. Cassell. Mr. White's book will be the first of the series.

The title of Mr. "Gabriel Setoun's" new book is 'Sunshine and Ha'ar.' It is shortly to be issued by Mr. John Murray, who also published 'Barncraig.' As before, the new book concerns the intimate history of a Fife village—the village of Wemyss, indeed, of which Mr. Hepburn is a native. It is said that there is small honour in a prophet's own country. "Gabriel Setoun, indeed," said an irate dame; "let him no show his face in Weems! *Fine do I ken wha he means by Jellowjaws!*"

At one time Mr. Hepburn thought of calling his book 'Red Letter Days.' He meant thereby the days from which the wiseacres of the community reckon. They might not be great days in themselves, but great they were in the estimation of the humble folk amongst which they happened. Thus the day of the placing of a minister, the day when the boats went down, and that sorrowful one on which they brought the bodies home from the great storm—other homelier and kindlier days also, are all chronicled, making a rubricated calendar for the little fishing village.

A book which should attract the attention of all interested in the social and labour movements of the day will be published early in November by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. It is called 'Three Months in a Workshop,' and is a translation of a German work, which created a deep impression on German public opinion when it appeared a year or two ago. Its author, Paul Göhne, General Secretary of the Evangelical Social Congress, describes in the narrative his own experiences. A theological student, "having a desire to study the 'social question' from the standpoint of religion and the Church," he "laid away his student's gown and became a factory hand." "In one of the large machine shops," he says, "I worked eleven hours daily among the operatives; with them I lived as one of themselves; with them I spent my evenings and shared my Sunday pleasures." His social views then have practical value. Professor R. T. Ely, who introduces the book, recommends it to the consideration of his countrymen in the United States. It has just as much interest for English readers.

Messrs. Harper Bros. have already secured the American rights of the story which Mr. Crockett intends to publish during the year 1896. We hear that the price given is one of the largest paid during recent years to any British author.

Mr. Robert Bridges has written a critical monograph on Keats as an introduction to a new edition of that poet's works, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. We understand that Mr. Bridges' introduction will contain a careful study of the prosody of Keats, and a critical survey of his works. Mr. Bridges is the author of a treatise on Milton's prosody, published last year by the Clarendon Press.

A book by a new writer which will shortly be published is 'Ballads in Prose,' by Miss Nora Hopper. The germs of Miss Hopper's stories are to be found in Celtic mythology and folk-lore.

Mr. Zangwill's 'The Master' will be published in book form in America by Messrs. Harper Bros., who have been running the story serially through one of their weeklies. Owing to the rule which Mr. Jerome has made with regard to serials appearing in *To-Day*, the book cannot appear in its English dress for about six months.

Professor Cheyne has completed the manuscript of his new work. It is a special introduction to the Critical and Historical Programmes to the Book of Isaiah, and runs to a considerable length. There is still a good deal of it to be printed, but it may be issued in December. The publishers are Messrs. A. and C. Black.

Mr. Walter Besant has written a short story, which will form the principal feature in the Christmas number of the *Sketch*.

The new story which Mr. Weyman has written for *To-Day* is entitled 'The Red Cockade,' and deals, as the title suggests, with a somewhat later period of French history than Mr. Weyman has as yet touched, namely, the French Revolution.

We hear on the best authority that Mr. Du Maurier's 'Trilby' has sold in America to the extent of 100,000 copies. It is interesting to compare this sale of the story in one volume, at, we think, 1.75 dols., with the sale here in three volumes, and which, although no figures are published, cannot be much more than 2,000 copies, even if it amounts to that.

Our American correspondent says: "Dr. Doyle has met with a warm reception. He starts his lecturing tour under the wing of Major Pond on the 10th inst. in the Calvary Baptist Church. Dr. MacArthur, the pastor of the church, has had the honour of accompanying many eminent men to his rostrum in his day."

Mr. Elkin Mathews will publish on October 29th a volume entitled 'Out of Egypt,' by Percy Hemingway. It will be bound in an appropriate cover designed by Mr. Gleeson White.

Mr. John James Piatt and Mrs. Sarah M. B. Piatt, the American poet-husband and poet-wife, are visiting in Edinburgh before finally leaving this country to settle permanently in the United States.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton left London for Liverpool, en route for America, on Wednesday, October 24th.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, who left England last month for America, will shortly publish a new volume of short stories. The book will consist of six stories—'My Cousin Fanny,' 'The Burial of the Suns,' 'The Grey-jacket of No. 4,' 'Miss Dangerlie's Roses,' 'How the Captain made Christmas,' and 'Little Darby'—and will be published by Ward and Lock in this country, and by the Scribners in America.

Mr. David Christie Murray has ready for the press a new novel entitled 'This Little World.' It is a "study in genius," and deals with the struggles of a country lad who became a great painter.

Mr. John Mackie, the author of 'The Devil's Playground,' to be published in a few days by Mr. Unwin, has had a most stirring life. He was for a long time in the wildest part of the North West, and Canada has found another tongue in him. His book is full of the wildest and most interesting adventure, and an edition of it has been got ready for the colonies, where a large sale is anticipated. Mr. Mackie was for some time in the Mounted Police of the Frontier, and had there opportunities of seeing the Devil disporting himself on his playground that are granted to few.

Mr. Guy Boothby, whose 'In Strange Company' has attracted so much attention, has collected into a volume the various short stories which have appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, *Macmillan's*, *To-Day*, etc., etc. The book will be named 'Bushigrams,' and will be published by Ward, Lock and Co.

Frank Stockton has given both of his new stories, with the quaint titles of 'Love Before Breakfast' and 'As One Woman to Another,' to the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Bret Harte is writing a story of American life and incident for the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Mr. G. S. Street, the new dramatic critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is about to publish through Mr. Heinemann a volume entitled 'Episodes.'

The pretty little series of two-shilling novels that Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have just started with Marion Crawford's 'Love in Idleness' have made quite a hit. It will be followed shortly by 'The Story of Sonny Sahib,' by Sara Jeannette Duncan, and 'The Rubies of St. Lo,' by Charlotte M. Yonge.

'Songs on Stone,' Mr. Whistler's series of lithographic drawings in colour, to be published in parts containing four plates each, will probably not be issued until next year.

Mr. Burn Murdoch, the author of the interesting new book on the Antarctic Seas, belongs to a good Edinburgh family—a family which has produced a good many well-known doctors and lawyers. He made his *début* some years ago as the illustrator of Mr. Andrew Lang's charming 'Angling Sketches.'

Mr. David Douglas, Edinburgh, has in the press, and will shortly issue, another volume of Scotch stories and reminiscences by the Hon. James Inglis, author of 'Oor Ain Folk.' The new volume contains many fresh gleanings from the field of Scottish character, and will be published under the title of 'The Humour of the Scot 'neath Northern Lights and Southern Cross.'

Mr. Sala is putting the finishing touches to his long expected "Autobiography." The two interesting volumes of which it is composed should be before the public towards the end of next month.

Mr. Sala has been commissioned to write Messrs. A. and C. Black's 'Guide to Brighton.'

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish Mr. Besant's papers on "Westminster" in book form after the conclusion of the serial run in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Mr. J. Bloundelle Burton, whose story 'The Hispaniola Plate' is at present running in the *St. James's Budget*, has been commissioned by Mr. Maden to write a new serial for the *People*.

The Century Co. have sold to date some 15,000 copies of Mr. Kipling's 'Jungle Book' in America, and before Christmas they expect to dispose of twice as many more. As far as popularity goes, the book seems fairly on the way to take the first place, in spite of the still much sought after "Alice" books.

The new editor of the *Fortnightly* is Mr. W. L. Courtney.

From Photo by] MR. W. L. COURTNEY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Mr. Courtney was formerly editor of *Murray's Magazine*. He retains his post on the *Daily Telegraph*.

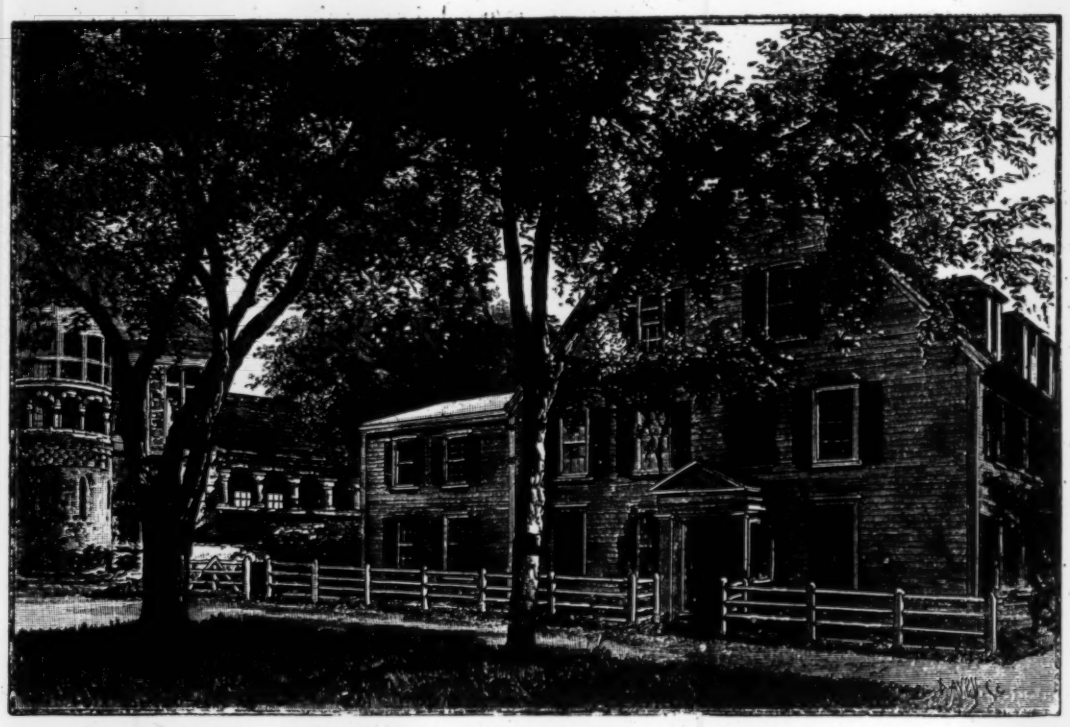
The author of that delightful story of child life, 'Seven Little Australians,' has ready two new tales, entitled respectively 'Growing up' (a sequel to 'Seven Little Australians') and 'The Story of a Baby.' 'Seven Little Australians' has, we hear, been a deserved success, the sale in Australia being exceptionally large.

Readers of the Martin Hewitt stories in the *Strand Magazine* will be glad to hear that they are to be continued in "another place," further particulars of which will be announced in due course. The seven stories which have appeared in the *Strand Magazine* will be issued in book form immediately by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.

In January *Good Words* will enter on its six-and-thirtieth year with a strong programme, a new cover designed by Mr. Robert Railton, and, typographically, a brighter and more attractive page. In addition to the serials, Mr. Crockett's "The Men of the Moss-Hags," which will be illustrated by Mr. C. E. Brock, and Mr. Clark Russell's "Heart of Oak," the programme announces "Reminiscences of a Publisher,"

by Mr. John Murray; "From the Organ Loft," by Dr. Bridge, of Westminster; "Unpublished Letters of Mrs. Gaskell, Bernard Barton, and Mary Russell Mitford," edited by Miss Howitt; "The Vicissitudes of Jewels," by Mr. Edwin W. Streeter; "Some Vagaries of Electricity," by Mr. W. H. Preece, electrician to the Telegraph Department; "The Story of St. John, and its Lessons," a series of twelve articles by Dr. James Stalker; and a monthly survey of new books. Under the experienced editorship of Dr. Donald Macleod, the magazine will adhere to its original aim and principles.

Mr. Heinemann will publish next month 'Letters and Leaves selected from the journals of Edmond and Jules de Goncourt.' The work will be in two volumes.



BIRTHPLACE OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

It is true that the late Mr. John Underhill undertook a catalogue of Sir Frederick Leighton's pictures, but had not even begun it at his death. It has been placed in the hands of Mr. E. Rhys, and will, we believe, be ready by the opening of the Academy in May next.

The death of Oliver Wendell Holmes, which took place at Boston on October 7th, is a landmark in the literary history of America. With him has gone the last survival of the great American men of letters. The literature of the United States touched its highest point when the *Atlantic Monthly* was published, and of the contributors to that magazine Holmes was perhaps the most popular and attractive. It was he who suggested the title. Some time ago we published an elaborate analysis of Dr. Holmes' literary work, and there is nothing to be added to it. He was no small figure in this country, but in America his personality was most influential. He was a Bostonian of the finest type, and from the name of Boston that of Holmes can never more be disjoined. We may safely predict that his autobiography when published will be pre-eminent for its discretion. With much frankness and cordiality of manner, he was yet a very reserved man. We have read many of his letters, and have marked the almost excessive caution with which he speaks of his contemporaries. In the estimates of his career which have appeared in the American press we miss what would be very interesting, an authoritative account of his work as a medical man. It was to his duties as a physician and teacher that his best energies were given. No doubt the result of them appears in his best known books. So good an authority as Dr. Lauder Brunton has said that Dr. Holmes' novels are correct and authoritative statements of the doctrine of Heredity; but Holmes, whose good taste never failed him, was very careful to restrict and disguise the medical element as far as possible.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

SEPTEMBER 16 TO OCTOBER 20, 1894.

Trade appears to be in a fairly satisfactory state. School requirements have been met, the demand in that department having been good, although there is still the fact of diminished prices staring one in the face. Foreign and Colonial trade has been good and steady, there being little change throughout the period indicated above.

The publishing season is now well advanced, and booksellers are busy completing their stocks for the Christmas trade. As far as can be gathered, the trade anticipates an improvement on last year. They may be justified in doing this, as there appear to be indications of better times. The system of publishing books at a nett price has gained ground, but the retail are still divided on the question. The public, however, seems satisfied, which is, after all, the real test.

Illustrated books are appearing in grand array. There are very few coloured ones, the public taste being for process blocks or first-class wood engraving.

Among magazines the more recently established illustrated issues, such as *Strand* and *Pall Mall*, are beginning to reduce the numbers of some of riper years. Exclusively literary periodicals and reviews remain unaffected. Novels are still in great request. They have certainly never been bought so freely as at the present time. Hall Caine, Anthony Hope, R. L. Stevenson, W. Black, R. D. Blackmore, and Stanley Weyman are in the first rank at the moment of writing. 'Heavenly Twins' and 'Ships that Pass in the Night' still move, but must at last be omitted from the list of leading books.

Boys' books are appearing in good numbers, and are got up as well as ever. The best authors are employed, and the best artists are entrusted with the illustrations. Henty as an author leads easily, while considerable attention is being directed to Professor Church's matchless classical stories. Fairy tales are in strong array, and are selling freely. They are being produced in a more sumptuous style than ever.

List of principal works now in favour:—

Green Carnation (The). 3s.
Manxman (The). By Hall Caine. 6s.
Lourdes. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.
Prisoner of Zenda (The). By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d.
Ebb Tide. By R. L. Stevenson. 6s.
People of the Mist (The). By H. R. Haggard. 6s.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By I. Maclaren. 6s.
Perlycross. By R. D. Blackmore. 6s.
When London Burned. By G. A. Henty. 6s.
Fall of Athens (The). By Professor Church. 5s.
Lilac Sunbonnet (The). By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
My Lady Rotha. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
A Lost Ideal. By A. Swan. 3s. 6d.
We Three and Troddles. By R. Andom. 3s. 6d.
My First Book. By W. Besant and others. 7s. 6d.
Bill Nye's History of the United States. 3s. 6d.
Kensington Palace. By Emma Marshall. 5s.
Bells (The) of Is. By F. B. Meyer. 2s. 6d.
Poems. By A. L. Gordon. 6s.
Great War (The) in 1897. By W. Le Queux. 6s.
Tennyson. By S. A. Brooke. 7s. 6d.
Tennyson's Poems. 7s. 6d.
Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 10s. net.
Songs, Poems, and Verses. By Lady Dufferin. 12s.
Czar and Sultan. By A. Forbes. 10s. 6d.
Use of Life (The). By Sir J. Lubbock. 3s. 6d.
Life of Sir J. Astley. 6s.
Life of J. Macgregor (Rob Roy). 15s.
Parish Councils. By J. H. Stone. 2s. 6d.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Sept. 22.—Home trade good, and free inquiry for all classes of educational works. Foreign and colonial trade steady all round.
Sept. 29.—A little easier towards the close, but still as good as recent years. Foreign and colonial well maintained.
Oct. 6.—Still keeping up well, and orders are being booked for the season's publications as fast as samples are ready. Foreign steady, but colonial continues active.
Oct. 13.—A slight lull at commencement, but improved and finished well. Foreign and colonial both steadier.
Oct. 20.—A fairly busy week finishing without change. Foreign steady, colonial more active, especially South Africa.

THE READER.

FINE WEATHER. (ACHILL, SUMMER, 1894.)

I.

THE sun as clear as a raindrop of fire slipt under the say this night,
That was still as the floor of the skies lyin' smoothened over wid light,
And niver an oar's dip on it, nor a sail but maybe a white gull's wing—
Ah sure not at all, not at all, I was thinkin' of no such a thing.
If the ships of the world sailed around us, like a cloud-wrathe beltin' the sun,
Musha, who on the Inish 'ud look where they lay? unless on'y that one
Could just swim up agin thro' the waves wid the loadin' she had safe an' sound,
So we'd see 'twas no more than an ugly dhrame that the childer were dhrowned.
To tell you the truth, I was thinkin' that a cloud might be soon comin' by,
Weeny and white, for a sign that the rest were gatherin' an' darkenin' anigh,
But I'm watchin' the len'th of the day, that seems long since the childer went,
An' there's sorra a breath on the blue—we must bide a while yet content.

II.

I hear the folks sayin' down yonder that I've little enough to do
To be wishin' away the fine weather, ere the summer's rightly thro';
Sez Widdy Rourke: "He's asthray in his mind since they lost the little colleen,
So his talk is sthrange." But they're sthrange themselves, or they'd know the way it's been.
For, arrah now, is it aught else but the fau't of this wary fine weather
Laves the Inish all disolit and lone, when the young ones throop off together?
After the harvestin' work they go in the fields that are rep an' mown
Far off on I dunno what townland—I'd as lief 'twas all wet bog and stone.
And always the saison they quit the long days such a shinin' 'ill keep,
The dark of the night scarce houlds room for a bit of a dhrame in your sleep,
Ere the cocks 'ill crowin', an' the hole in the wall's like an eye blinkin' in,
And you wake an' forgit she's away, and next minute remimber agin.
But the sorra a step they set back while the summer sun's in the skies,
So its heat has a heart of could, and its light flares the dark in our eyes,
For lost we are, missin' the young an' the strong that have left us behind,

Wee imps wid no wit to heed aught, and ould fools that have looked themselves blind;
Till there's ne'er a fut stirrin' on Achill can better than totter or creep,
And och then but the lonesome road runs long, ay ay, an' the hill lifts steep.

III.

We wouldn't ha' let them away good or bad if we'd done what was right;
There's no tellin' where childer 'ill go, when you trust them out of your sight;
You may think they've all manner of sinse, an' be wond'rin' the way they're grown,
Yet liker than not they'll get playin' some quare foolish thrick of their own,
An' be lost ere you know. Sure we'd niver a doubt, and they startin' that day,
They'd cross safe in the big sailin' boat up to Westport, the width of the bay;
What 'ud ail them, wid wather an' win' keepin' quite as a baste lyin' down?
But the next thing we heard they'd capsized her, wid Norah on board her to dhrown.

IV.

It's many a throuble slips by us wid on'y a hairsbreadth between;
Just a word 'ud ha' kep' her that mornin', but now thro' black night we might keen,
An' she'll heed us no more than yon rock in the foam heeds the saygull's cry.
There was some of the lads was as plased to be goin' as young birds to fly,
An' discoorsin' of all they'd a chance to be seein'; but Norah'd ha' stayed
If we'd bid her, an' welcome. I'm thinkin' the crathur was three parts afraid,
Thravellin' off all her lone. And what tuk her to go was her mind bein' bent
To earn us a thrifle would help when the could come agin us, and the rent;
And she'd talk of the full of me pipe, and her mother's odd grain of tay,
But we knew she'd be starved if she stayed, so, God guide us, we let her away.
And the last thing she done, she went round wid meself to our bit of ould shed,
Where the black hin was hatchin' her clutch, an' she seen if the crathur'd been fed.
So the two of us stood lookin' over the wall while she picked up her bit,
Thinkin' different things. And sez Norah: "She's better than ten days to sit;
But afore I've the chance to get home, 'tis grand chucks they'll be growin', plase God."
Och that come in me thoughts when I seen them this mornin' about on the sod,
Half a score of them, peckin' an' pipin', an' skytin' all manner of ways,
Wid th' ould hin stumpin' on thro' the lot of them, high-fut, as proud as you plase.
For thinks I: "Sure them scuts of black balls might ha' time to swell up by our door
To the size of the aigles that roost in the clouds and the sun on Slievemore,
Ere we'll see Norah home; ay, she's dhrowned in the say lyin' bright there an' blue"—
So I thought in me mind, but I felt in me heart that it couldn't be true.

V.

I remimber the time me poor father was tuk on us, a great while ago,
And we waked him an' buried him—Heaven be his bed—in Dugort down below;
An' then back wid us home to th' ould house, that was sthrange-like an' still when we came;
And I said to meself he was gone, but I thought he'd be there all the same.
Till I streeled out at sunsettin', round to the field where we'd broken the lea,
That's a quare long stiff pull 'gin the steep of the hill, and 'twas often I'd see
Where he follied th' ould horses, nid-noddin' their heads to the sky on the ridge,
Wid their big feet all thramplin' together in pairs as they turned at the idge
Of the headland. So there lay the plough in its furrow, laned over on one side,
Wid its handle-crooks lookin' to feel in the air for the grip that 'ud guide;
An' sez I to meself: "He'll ne'er hould them agin till the whole world rusts red."
An' wid that, of a suddint, I couldn't say how, but I knew he was dead.

VI.

But sure what would I see or hear tell could persuade me this summer'll slip past,
And no chance to set eyes on the childer an' Norah, the crathur, at last?
Sure, why else would we watch for the days gettin' dark, an' the fields turnin' black,
An' the win' keenin' could, if it warn't for a sign they were soon comin' back?
Troth, it's rael unnathural ould talk that long sorry I'd be to believe,
For the latest that ever they stayed, they were home agin come Holy Eve;
And now Lady Day's by, there's no terrible time to be waitin' at all,
Tho' it lags like an ass wid a load lettin' on it's not able to crawl,
And some whiles when you're wakin' at night, or sittin' alone in the sun,
You'll misdoubt it stands still; yet for sartin, they're nigher every hour we get done;
That's just raison an' sinse. But she's wantin' the wit, I keep tellin' the wife,

That consaits she's as apt to be seein' them come any day of her life,
Till she's never quit hearin' the step, thinkin' Norah's run up our boreen—
She'd a right to know better, when, look where you will, not a cloud's to be seen.

VII.

For the young ones have always the notion we're sparin' them ready enough
In the clear plisant weather that smoothes over everythin' ugly and rough,
Wid the warmth on the shore, and the light on the say. Ay, bedad they think wrong;
How'd they tell that the days they ne'er see do be cruel lonesome and long?
So the shine of the sun, where they sez to themselves we'll be sittin' content,
Shuts us out of their minds in a manner, as if it was bound to purvent
Harm from happenin' us here; and it's aisy forgettin' your folks for a while,
If you dhread them no mischief, but, faith, if you do, every step seems a mile
That you tread beyond raich, wid the fear in your heart like the tug of a tether
To choke you back home. An' the childer know well when we're gettin' bad weather
It's the hard times on Achill, wid mists on the say, an' polthogues on the land,
An' the blasts risin' up in your face like a wall you can't touch wid your hand,
When the turf's melted down in the bog, an' the praties washed out of the earth,
An' the floor's like the baich wid the tide flowin' in, and a lough on the hearth,
An' the win' fit to reive off th' ould thatch like dhry laves off the roof of a wood,
Till all's flooded an' flitthered, an' nothin' you've left that's a thraneen of good.
So the childer'll be fretted to hear the storm risin', wherever they are—
Some folk sez wid the Saints, an' it's maybe no lie, but that's terrible far—
An' they'll think how it's home agin, lendin' a hand here, be rights they should be.
Sure now Norah's the greatest opinion at all of her mother an' me;
If she knew we were perished an' starved, and herself livin' happy apart,
All the say's waves rolled over her head wouldn't dhrown the grief out of her heart.

VIII.

So the next time the storm takes to rise an outrageous loud whillaballoo,
I know well enough anyway what poor Norah'll be safe to go do;
Ay, she wouldn't bide aisy, the win' 'll turn her home, as it dhrives in a wave,
Tho' she's come where the highest you could name are the people she's bound to ax lave.
Our Lady herself it might be, wid heaven's blue in the folds of her gown,
And a glimmerin' of stars flown together, an' lit on her head in a crown,
And Norah's her screed of red skirt, and her mother's ould little black shawl,
Goin' barefut—no matther for that, she'll make bould an' spake up to them all,
An' be thankin' them kindly, no fear but she will, she's a mannerly child,
An' she'll tell them she's wanted at home now the saison's got stormy and wild—
Ah, since ever you left us, acushla, we're wantin' the sight of your face—
An' she'll say there's not one but herself to be doin' a turn in our place,
For her mother's complainin' this long while, and her father's gone failed like and ould,
An' she's 'fraid of her life they'll be gettin' their death in the wet an' the could;
But if aught went agin them, an' she far away, sure the heart of her'd break.
Then the rest of the childer'd be sayin': Thrue for her, aich word that she'd spake;
An' the sorra a sowl'd bid them lave us all desolit here an' forlorn—
Ay, the storm's our best chance in the world, and it's comin' as sure as we're born.

IX.

That's the raison I'll watch a while yet, for the haze might be gatherin' to night,
If 'twas on'y a breath, it's a grand sign for win', or a cloud trailin' white
On the dark of the ridge, caught an' tore into flakes like sheep's wool on a wall—
Then we'd have a good chance; but some folk 'ill keep hopin' wid no chance at all,
Like Nell Flynn that goes callin' her sons to come back, mopin' round on the shore,
And herself there, that has me annoyed hearin' steps runnin' up to the door.
Och, it's cross wid the crathur I be, an' she ailin' and wantin' the wit;
Howane'er, when we've Norah agin, every throuble in our lives we'll forgit.
And it won't be so long now, plase God, till a change 'ill be comin'. Some day
The sun 'ill be lost overhead afore ever it drops in the say,
An' the moanin' away o'er the wather'll come near till it roars and it raves,
For the win' 'll grip the lan' an' get swirlin' it round in the clouds an' the waves,
An' the storm 'ill lep out on us, ragin' an' wild, thro' the mists an' the foam,
Blindin', an' deafenin', an' takin' our breath—an' bringin' the childer home.

JANE BARLOW.

MR. J. M. BARRIE'S BOOKS.

SOME books I am anxious to forget, and with reason—my lean bank-book, the butcher's too plump pass-book, the tax-collector's curious little bent-backed, oblong note-book, which he keeps tossing over and over discontentedly at the front door, as if to say that he is quite well aware that in this particular house you would do him if you could. Further, I want to forget the book, which the editor wants reviewed, but which I have grown to hate like poison for its way of looking at me from the shelf. Why is it—let us ask the men of superfluous wisdom—that so soon as a book comes in which one has willy-nilly to read, a subtle resentment stirs swiftly, quickening into active dislike in the breast? I think we like the books best that we buy at the railway terminus and pay the full price for. We read them

From Photo by] MR. J. M. BARRIE. [*Elliott and Fry.*

dourly in order to get our money's worth out of them. This is somehow an argument against discount booksellers.

But there are other books I am also anxious to forget, and for other but equally good reasons. Among these are Sir Walter's, those of Mr. Stevenson, and above all, Mr. Barrie's—of which last I am now bidden discourse in my own way.

I seem perpetually to be sending a plumbline down into the shallows of an imperfect memory to see how much of my favourite books the kindly tide has scoured away. I even set examination papers to myself, as thus: "What did Counsellor Pleydell say to Dandie Dinmont when he met him at the stair-foot? Give a description of Tully-Veolan, with an excursus on the state of the gate-posts crowned by the Bear of Bradwardine, (*a*) before, and (*b*) after, the occupation of the castle by the English troops."

Or the question which stirs me has reference to the physical temperature of the heroes of certain other books. "State whether in your opinion Messrs. Balfour and Breck, or Mr. Hawkins and the Captain, were hotter and more uncomfortable on the top of the rock in the glen, or in the enclosure of the stockade respectively? What was the exact composition and interpretation of the letter set in John B. Maccoll's window at the village of Koalisnacoan? Trace the various adventures of Mr. A. Breck's father's silver button, and state of what in your opinion the threads were composed which Allan pulled out when the button was cut off."

Or it may be (and this happens generally when I am very tired) that I examine myself hopefully upon the doings of yet other and more retiring folk.

"State carefully (so from ancient habit I put it to myself), on what occasions (1) Sanders Elshioner and (2) Hendry went to the pig-stye, for what purposes, and why did one 'scratch' and the other 'poke' the animal? Also which poked the pig, and how often?"

If I am able to answer all these questions instantly and satisfactorily, a deep melancholy falls upon me, and I glance more kindly at the editor's shelf of new and uncut tales. Seldom do I read new books unless I can remember the old altogether too well. But if I detect a hopeful hesitancy in recalling how many children were in T'nowehead's pew on the day when they sang,

> "Jerusalem like a city is
> Compactly built together,"

I am glad with an exceedingly satisfied joy; and if I forget who it was that accompanied Gavin when he went to "put it to Mag Lownie," I am as glad as if the morning's post had brought me two cheques—or at least, not to put the matter quite so strongly, the feeling of satisfaction is certainly similar in kind, though possibly somewhat less acute.

There is a curious, ill-looking, squat-shaped little book somewhere on my top shelves bound up with other collecteana of its year of publication, which relates how a certain number of excellent people might be persuaded that they would be "Better Dead" for the sake of the race. I am satisfied that for me at least Mr. Barrie's books are "Better Forgotten"—because then—why, then, there they are all to be read over again.

Or at least scarcely all—for mostly I read in two of them, with choosings here and there from the other three. The three I select from are 'When a Man's Single,' the divine pipe-reek book, 'My Lady Nicotine,' and (reluctant am I to say it), that fine true book, 'The Little Minister.' The first two (Thrums) chapters of 'When a Man's Single,' and the last—the performances of the immortal nephew in 'My Lady Nicotine,' and the first half of 'The Little Minister, are my choice, and the selection reveals rather the limitations of the reader than those of the writer. For others whose judgments I would trust before my own, manifest and uphold precisely opposite likings. But let me to the other two books which, like a little girl's best doll, I have kept to the end. I would have a copy of either of them lying along with a box of cigarettes within reach of every armchair in the house. For I know how a house should be arranged if people would only leave things alone. But alas! they never will.

The late Mr. Robert Wodrow, of Eastwood, was of opinion that the Scriptures would be part of the entertainment of heaven. "At least," he says, discriminatingly, "I am sure that the great things in them will!"

So if we do not read Mr. Barrie where Wodrow hoped to read the Scriptures, of a verity his best things are fitted to make much of our best entertainment here below.

The delightful 'Idylls' and the famous 'Window' are victual for kings. Indeed, kings rarely get meat and drink half so good. Mr. Barrie keeps his cup lying beside the well of pathos. It is to him a drinking fount, not a bath. He does not wallow in it like Mr. Kipling's buffalo bull in the mud. But the feeling is there, that one may drink as one drinks caller water from a village spring. Nor is the vessel other than fitting—not like that dish (as it is related in an excellent tramping paper in last month's *Macmillan*), which a canny Scotswoman gave the writer to drink from, with the compliment, "I keep the tinnie for tramp bodies. It saves bowls"—or words to that effect.

If Mr. Barrie does not give us butter in a lordly dish, exactly, he gives us at least homely scones and crisp farles of Angus cake on an ashet, clean as even Leeby's deft hands could make it. Mr. Barrie steals our hearts by means the simplest—indeed, just in the way our own bairns get round us, taking the strings of our feelings in their hands—or as babes grasp at a finger, holding with a palpable feather-weight that we cannot break. So we love the singer of Thrums epics, with his Virgilian sense of the tears in mortal things, just because we cannot help it.

Mr. Barrie is like that king of France who kept back the deluge by getting himself named the "Well Beloved," with this difference, that the writer of the 'Window' deserves the title. Yet I read oftenest in the 'Idylls,' because there is no forlorn laying away of all the beloved—Jess, Hendry, Leeby, among the standing stones on the windy hill; and, above all, no Jamie going over the commonty, looking behind him like a hunted thing. For as I read the 'Window,' I am haunted by the thought of these two chapters at the end of the book, and they weigh on my heart like going into a house where in one of the white unentered rooms a babe lies dead.

There is a book by the author of 'Typee' and 'Omoo,' wherein is (or rather was) a description of a punishment at sea with cat-o'-nine-tails. I liked the book, and wished to continue to read in it; but that chapter daunted me. So I carefully tore it out—foolishly also, for the lacking leaves made a place for the volume to open at, and I remembered more clearly than ever. So I had to get rid of it. I gave it to a library. In a week the librarian wrote a polite note to say that he had been collating the "book of travel," and regretted that he had found it to be imperfect. (What business have librarians with the insides of books, anyway?) He was sure that I must have been unaware of this. Perhaps I would see my way to presenting them with a new copy. He was mistaken. I knew it perfectly. But I sent instead a set of the works of A.L.O.E., and I believe the librarian is at present usefully employed in collating these. However, he has had time to return me the imperfect work of Mr. Herman Melville. Happily there is a bridge of sorts near at hand, and a river. I dropped Mr. Melville in, and thought, "There is an end of you!" On the next day but one a very raggetty little boy came to the front door. He had a bleached book in his hand, and the look in his eye meant sixpence. Alas! the 'White Jacket' had had my name on it. (Moral: Never write your name on your own books.) But I have the better of the thing at last. Darkly at dead of night I buried it—deep, very deep—in a remote quarter of the shrubbery.

But this is an excursus, and has nothing to do with Mr. Barrie, but it is just these unrelated things which make literature—and help to cover the paper.

So, as I say, I like to read the 'Idylls' best. I love, for instance, the sound of the wire when the birds lighted on it in the frosty morning; and I am not deeply concerned if, in the light of many other things in the book, the period was too early for the introduction of wire fences and Oxonian inspectors. The schoolmaster's hens, which he took into the lonely schoolhouse on the day after Wester Lunny's lassie made the notable announcement that Glen Quharity school would no longer keep, "because she wasna comin' the morn," are dear to me as my wife's second cousins. I like them very well, but with a finely modified, once-removed joy. I am glad that I do not live in the kitchen whose floor they diversified at long range by dropping their feathers upon it from the baulks.

Again, at the corner of the square I stand and watch the Quakerish maids go by to their Saturday night shopping, and I slap my knee as I think of a good thing I might have said to the one who passed last but three.

So 'tis easy to see what a great thing it is to forget Mr. Barrie's books, in order that one may begin and go over the whole from the beginning. It even pleasures you to find that he says the same thing over and over again, as though he had forgotten it himself. There is time enough to forget anything in quiet-moving Thrums.

But it has just struck me that I have quite forgotten the end of that greatest of all Mr. Barrie's chapters, the 'Tale of a Glove.' This is surely good reason enough for cutting short this ramble of appreciation. In which pious logic I hope the editor will agree with me. Any way I shall cease from troubling, and read it over again.

S. R. CROCKETT.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

VII.—TO THE ALLEGED SIGNING OF THE CATHOLIC LEAGUE.

RUMOURS not altogether flattering, concerning Mary's devotion to Darnley, were in circulation long before their marriage on the 29th of July. One of the priests assured Randolph that they were privately married in Holyrood Palace, on the 9th of July, not above seven persons being present; but neither then nor at the time of the public marriage, does he appear to have given the story full credit. Lingard, however, accepts it, as at once true and as an adequate explanation of their "supposed harlotry." But from his standpoint it should hardly be satisfactory, as the Papal dispensation did not arrive in Edinburgh until the 22nd of July, the day on which the banns were proclaimed. In the previous April, De Silva, indeed, heard that the marriage had actually taken place. A few days later Darnley's mother, who looked "upon the business as done," sent word to De Silva that now she had no doubt. Miss Strickland believes in this earlier private marriage, and fixes on the second week of April, as the time when it took place

in Rizzio's apartment in Stirling Castle; and explains that it was only after "she was united to him by the holy ties which sanctioned such demonstrations, that she took upon herself the tender office of his nurse, that she kept her wakeful vigils by his restless pillow."

Not until after the public marriage had been celebrated did the Pontiff think fit to inform the Cardinals at Rome "that he had granted a dispensation for the marriage of the Queen of Scots with a certain Englishman, her kinsman, receiving their promise that they would defend the Catholic religion to the utmost of their power." When the dispensation arrived, Mary was sending out proclamations to be made at the market crosses, assuring her subjects that she had not intended to impede or molest them in the use of their religion, as had been untruly reported by "diverse wickit, ungodlie, and seditious personis," to her great grief, many having causelessly taken up arms. The opposition to the marriage is regarded by such writers as Professor Aytoun and Mr. Skelton as the result of a long-standing plot against Mary; but they differ somewhat in the motives they assign.

It is not possible, in Mr. Skelton's opinion, "to hold that Moray was in earnest, when he opposed the Lennox marriage on the plea that religion was in peril." On this point Mr. Skelton is very emphatic; and, in his seeming anxiety to blacken Murray, runs the risk of being deemed as unscrupulous as the English Queen whom he so heartily despises. "There is," he says, "the best evidence—evidence under his own hand—that until won over by Elizabeth he ridiculed the notion that either father or son could be a danger to the state." Yet all he can produce is an irrelevant extract from Murray's letter to Cecil, of 13th July, 1564, concerning Elizabeth's dishonourable and crooked device to prevent Lennox going to Scotland. The extract has no reference whatever to Darnley, and its climax is that there was no reason on religious grounds to fear his father's return to Scotland, even "if he had the greatest *subject* of this realm joined to him." On the next page of his 'Mary Stuart,' Mr. Skelton says:—"Moray, after telling his sister with laborious hypocrisy that he durst not consent to her marriage with one 'who he could not assure himself would set forth Christ's true religion,' left the Court, and crossed the Firth to Lochleven." As this interview took place at Stirling, Murray did not require to cross the Firth to get to Lochleven; it might be questioned, too, if he left the Court so hurriedly as Mr. Skelton's words imply; but these are trifling inaccuracies, and such a word painter should perhaps be allowed some latitude.

The charge of "laborious hypocrisy," however, belongs to a different category, and ought not to have been made unless it could be clearly established. How does Mr. Skelton establish it? A few pages further on, he again quotes the same words from Murray's answer to Mary, and then adds the remarkable sentence, "I have *said* already that his pretended zeal for Protestantism was a mask; if further *proof* were needed it is supplied by what now took place." As Mr. Skelton's bare assertion cannot be taken as evidence in such a matter, it may be well to look at the "further proof," which he apparently considers almost unnecessary. Murray, he says, "had risen in arms against his sister because she had elected to marry Darnley; he now returned to make Darnley king, and that there might be no mistake, either then or afterwards, the shameful bargain was reduced to writing. These are the articles to which Moray set his hand:—'The Earl of Moray shall,'" etc. The articles as given by Mr. Skelton need not be quoted here. It is enough to state that he does not, as his language implies, give the articles themselves; but merely a summary—an imperfect, a dishonest summary! In the articles signed at Newcastle on 2nd March, 1565-6, by Murray and the other lords acting with him, and also in those signed by Darnley, the safety of the Protestant religion was specially provided for; but Mr. Skelton does not give the slightest hint of this. Had he done so, where would have been the proof of the "laborious hypocrisy"? It may be charitably hoped that Mr. Skelton borrowed his version of the "articles" at second or third hand. He need not, however, have ignored the statement in the continuation of Knox's 'History,' that Murray and the other Protestant lords had offered freely to consent to the marriage, on condition that Mary would in Parliament establish Protestantism and abolish the mass.

The thorough suppression of the rising led by the Protestant lords was greatly due to Mary's promptitude and energy—perhaps also to her duplicity. Much as Knox was opposed to her, bitterly as he could write against her, he could not help admiring her pluck. His pen is recognisable in the description of the vehement tempest of wind and rain, through which her troops marched with great difficulty and no little danger, and amid which "albeit the most part waxed weary, yet the Queen's courage encreased manlike so much that she was ever with the foremost."

Not only did Mary proclaim immediately before her marriage, that, as it had never entered her mind to hinder her people in the free use of their religion, so in future they should "nocht be inquietit in that behalf;" but in September she issued two proclamations—one to convince her subjects that the real object of the Protestant lords was to administer the government, that their cry of religion was only a cloak; the other, to assure the lieges that she was anxious to hold a Parliament to give perfect security to those professing the religion which she found universally standing at her return. Her next Parliament was very unexpectedly extinguished; but, in writing to Archbishop Beaton, she mentioned a preliminary step actually taken, "tending to have done some good anent restoring the auld religion." And in January she wrote to Pius the Fifth that the requests of his predecessor, Pius the Fourth, would have been carried out, but for the many enemies of her religion, who had hitherto thwarted her efforts. Now, however, some of her enemies are in exile, some in her hands; and although "their fury, and the great necessity in which they are placed, urges them on to attempt extreme measures"; nevertheless, "if God and your Holiness (whose cause we are fighting) be with us, by your help we will leap over the wall." The Bishop of Dunblane, her ambassador, told the Pontiff that Mary and Darnley since their marriage had been kept in perpetual agitation, "for no cause whatever save this, that they would not deviate one single hair's-breadth from their obedience to the See of Rome."

This Bishop was well fitted to urge Mary's claims on his

Holiness, for, only a few months before, he had borne to her the earnest requests and promises of Pius the Fourth. These were of no dubious nature—"It would be an easy matter for her to purge both Scotland and England from heresy, and to restore the Catholic religion to its earlier dignity and splendour;" there were Catholics "who would willingly give all their resources and all their energies for such an object;" there were "also foreign troops who would help as long as their help was needed;" and, when the war was begun, the money which he was to contribute would not be kept in distant Rome, but in Antwerp or Paris.* Mary did not now plead in vain for substantial aid.

The dramatic story of Murray's interview with Elizabeth, on the 23rd of October, 1565, as related by Sir James Melville, is well known; but as told by De Silva to Philip, and by the English Council to their Ambassador at the French Court, it is far less humiliating for Murray. Melville's version having had a long start in type retains its hold, even where it is clearly in error. His assertion that the Spanish as well as the French Ambassador was present has not only been repeated by Keith, Robertson, Chalmers, Lingard, Bell, Strickland, Caird, Petit, and Hill Burton, but by Mignet and Hosack who refer to De Silva's letter. The Spanish Ambassador received his account from Elizabeth, who would not minimise her supposed exculpation. Yet it contains nothing implying that Murray formally confessed that she had not encouraged the enterprise of the Scots lords; nor does the report sent by the English Privy Council to Smith. Sinfully silent Murray seems to have been under Elizabeth's denunciation, staggered perhaps by her audacity and depressed by the bad fortune of his party; but, according to the continuation of Knox's 'History,' after the French Ambassador withdrew, he told her plainly enough, that, whatever she had intended in her heart, her Ambassador and familiar servants had promised in her name to assist them, and they also had her own handwriting in confirmation.

Melville's narrative is by no means toned down in Mr. Skelton's hands. Indeed, in his opinion, Murray, while in England, "behaved like a beaten hound," and "the depth of baseness to which he fell almost exceeds belief;" for, "not content with writing to Elizabeth to intercede for him with Mary, not content with writing to Mary herself, he actually addressed a letter to Rizzio imploring him to exert his good offices with the Queen on his behalf, and promising that he would always be his friend." This Rizzio episode is thus given by Mr. Skelton as an undoubted fact, in his beautifully got-up 'Mary Stuart'; but in previously making the same charge in his 'Maitland of Lethington,' it was heralded with the words, "if we are to believe Melville"; and he had declared that "every statement" made by Melville "must, when necessary or practicable, be traced back to its source." To show his own instability, perhaps, he returns to his former uncertainty in his new edition of 'Lethington.' To show his impartiality, he might have paralleled Melville's statement by Spottiswoode's, that, "of all others," Lethington "most fawned on this Italian."

* It is only fair to Mary to state, that, according to the report of the Jesuit Priests, part of her answer was to the effect, "that she could not stain her hands with the blood of her subjects." And Sir James Melville says that she was naturally more inclined to mercy than rigour.

Better still, he might have shown that Murray did not altogether behave "like a beaten hound," when he warned Randolph not to incur further suspicion, for his sake, at the Scotch court; or when he stated to Cecil that the grief of his heart was for the other Scots lords at Newcastle, especially for Rothes.

That Mary joined the Catholic League before the murder of Rizzio has been affirmed by Principal Robertson, Fraser Tytler, Mignet, Froude, and others; and questioned by writers of such various schools as Lingard, Hill Burton, and Hosack. Hill Burton, however, holds that "whether in the form of a bond or not, beyond doubt Mary was the close ally of the King of Spain in all his formidable views and projects for crushing the new religion." The charge is explicitly made by Randolph to Cecil in a letter of 7th February, 1565-6. Randolph was then at Edinburgh, and wrote as if absolutely certain that Mary had subscribed the league, that she was to return the principal and retain a copy. Tytler regards this action "as one of the most fatal errors of her life," and as proving "the source of all her future misfortunes." Hosack and Hill Burton point out that the state papers of the Cardinal de Granvelle show that Catherine de Medicis did not agree at Bayonne to join the religious league. But this does not necessarily weaken Randolph's statement, for, as punctuated by Thomas Wright and Father Stevenson, he does not assert that Catharine had joined—only that she was suspected to have done so. Father Stevenson, however, has printed a letter which Bedford wrote to Cecil from Berwick, exactly a week after the date of Randolph's. Bedford refers to the league "for the overthrow of religion," "which is come to this Quen's [*i.e.*, Mary's] hand but not yet confirmed." Hosack says—"The question remains, whether it was confirmed at any subsequent period; and this has not been asserted by Randolph or by any other person." He might have added—so far as known; and if Bedford's contradiction was not based on additional information supplied by Randolph, there was no need for him to re-assert the subscription.

Hosack concludes, from "the absence of all further testimony on the subject," that although Philip at this time tried to induce Mary to join the Catholic League, "she declined to do so." But the recently published 'Calendar of Spanish State Papers' shows that in the previous October, the unfortunate Yaxley, in the names of Mary and Darnley, assured Philip of "their zealous desire to establish and reform their kingdom under the Christian religion and join other Christian princes with that end." Mary, therefore, was at least willing to join such a league. And, as it was only eight days before the date of Randolph's letter that she wrote to Pius V., as mentioned above, pleading for help, and commissioned the Bishop of Dunblane to do the same, it is clear that she still wished foreign assistance; and so Hosack's further argument is knocked on the head—that, having now completely suppressed Murray's rebellion, she did not require Philip's aid. It is worth noting, too, that in Bedford's letter the sentence quoted by Hosack is immediately followed by the statement that from the league and the Guises she hoped for much.

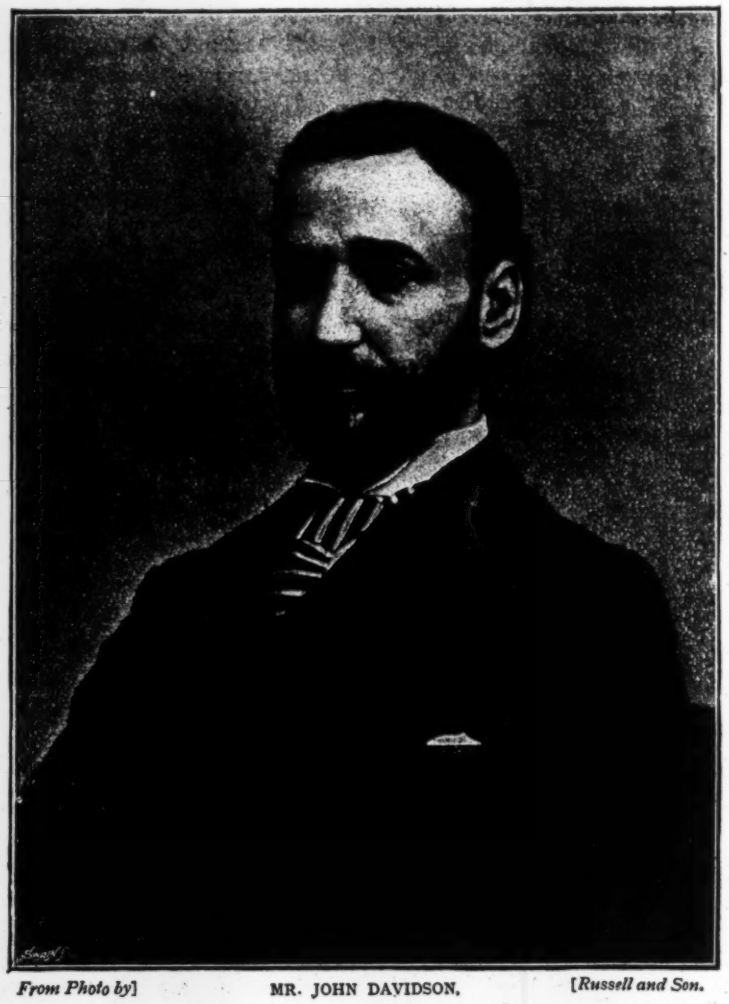
Had Hosack not been a special pleader, he would have asked for no more on this count than a verdict of not proven. A striking contrast to his elaborate effort is furnished by

Miss A. M. Stewart's simple plan. She settles the matter in less than six lines; and her conclusion would have been unassailable, had it not been attained by attributing both letters to Randolph and by "cooking" their terms.

D. HAY FLEMING.

MR. JOHN DAVIDSON.

THE first of Mr. John Davidson's Plays, 'An Unhistorical Pastoral,' was written in 1877; what may be termed his first real success was achieved last year when he published 'Fleet Street Eclogues.' In the interval he had been the least idle of men—indeed, if it be the purpose of life "to get more life *outside* of you," to realise in speech and act, in words, music, colour, form, the dreams and emotions of the soul within, the author of 'Perfervid' and the 'Plays' may well look back not dissatisfied with the beautiful creations of those years of struggle against circumstances which must have taxed the equanimity of the man no less than the inspiration of the poet.



From Photo by] MR. JOHN DAVIDSON. *[Russell and Son.*

Mr. Davidson was born at Barrhead, Renfrewshire, on the 11th of April, 1857—the memorable year of the Indian Mutiny. His mother, Helen Crockett, was the daughter of the parish schoolmaster at Elgin. His father, an Evangelical Union minister, came of an Ayrshire family who had held the farm of Glenhead, Girvan, for a century or more. Shortly after the lad's birth the Davidsons removed to Glasgow, where for a couple of years the father acted as colleague to the Rev. Dr. James Morison, the founder of the Evangelical Union. The next removal was to Greenock, where Mr. Davidson received his schooling. At the age of six he was a daily reader of the marvellous record of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' and doubtless it is to the early and magical impressions which the book made upon him that we owe one of the most lovely boy-stories the present writer has ever read, 'The Pilgrimage of Strongsoul and Saunders Elshander,' which forms the second part of 'Perfervid.' At seven he had discovered the romantic and illimitable regions of Scott. At twelve he was absorbed in Shakespeare and —'Sartor Resartus'! And yet another influence had begun to colour his life—the influence of the great tidal water which sweeps past Greenock, the Frith with its passing ships and its large, dreamy mountain margins. His twelfth year seems also to have been the date of his first essay in poetry—a sturdy ballad on the Defeat of the Moors by Ramiro, King of Spain, when under the celestial sword of St. Jago twice thirty thousand heathen fell. This heroic bugle-song the poet has willingly let die.

With Bunyan, Scott, Carlyle and Shakespeare at his fingers' ends, Mr. Davidson left school at the buoyant age of thirteen, and was initiated into the mysteries of the chemical department of one of the great sugar-houses of the port. In the following year, when the Food Adulteration Act became law, we find him installed in the office of the public analyst. No record has been preserved of his services to his country in this capacity; and, curiously perhaps, the chemistry of that period has left but one solitary trace in his writings. He appears to have been struck by the fact that a jet of air in an atmosphere of gas will burn like a jet of gas in an atmosphere of air, and accordingly he writes in the 'Unhistorical Pastoral':

> "We, air imperial, burn in this gas,
> Which once illumined us, its atmosphere."

At fifteen he became a pupil teacher at Greenock, and alighted on literature at large like a locust-swarm, devouring with a special and somewhat singular avidity everything in the way of a translation. Nature vindicated herself by setting him to write two plays, which he scrupulously burned, and by opening his eyes to the charms of Annie Smith. Annie Smith is to me one of the sweet myths which move about "in worlds unrealised," and I am glad to know that neither fire nor mischance has overtaken the boyish verses, with their quaint, simple originality, which he wrote to her or about her, and which appear with the change of a quatrain in 'A Romantic Farce':

> "Where have you been to-day, Annie Smith,
> Where have you been to-day?"

The first of the extant plays, 'An Unhistorical Pastoral,' began to engage his attention when he was seventeen, but it was not actually written till three years later. On finish-

ing his apprenticeship as a pupil teacher, he passed one session at Edinburgh University, and thenceforward till 1889 he was occupied in teaching in Glasgow, Perth, Paisley, Crieff and Greenock. In his school-holidays he had rambled among the green pastoral solitudes of the Ochils, and the spirit of the lonely hills shared the influence of the western Frith. 'Perfervid' and 'The Pilgrimage of Strongsoul; and 'Smith: a Tragic Farce,' are full of those dreamy mountain-foldings. He had, when he was nineteen, committed to memory the whole of the Sonnets of Shakespeare and the Masque of Milton. The Elizabethan atmosphere of the 'Plays' is unmistakable, but singularly enough it is to be attributed to the Sonnets rather than to the dramatic work of Shakespeare, and, so far as I am aware, no one has detected the influence of 'Comus,' though it may seem obvious enough when suggested. And here it may be worth while to add in a parenthesis, that while Mr. Davidson cannot, any more than any other writer, elude resemblances which seem derivative, the great charm and the dominant character of his work, whether in verse or prose, is his own strong individuality. He had also dipped deep into 'Euphues,' and probably among his poetic sponsors he owes as much to Lyly as to another. In 1885 he had married, and this was the last and greatest of the external influences, with the exception of that of the great Enchantress—London, in 1890. London is the world's central fire-fountain, in the wash of whose magical flames men become immortal or are shrivelled into apes.

Meanwhile also he had composed 'A Romantic Farce' (1878), 'Bruce: a Chronicle Play' (1884), 'Smith: a Tragic Farce' (1886), and 'Scaramouch in Naxos' (1888), the ripest and most distinctive of his dramatic work. 'A Practical Novelist'—a very extravaganza of wit and whimsical originality—was written in 1885, and 'Perfervid' was in the press when Mr. Davidson cast in his lot with the Babylonians.

In the following year 'In a Music Hall' and 'The Great Men' were published, and in 1893 the 'Fleet Street Eclogues' gave to those who needed it assurance of a new note and a distinct and irresistible personality. The genesis of the 'Eclogues' is not without its interest. In the old days 'The Shepherd's Calendar' had suggested a Teacher's Calendar, but this had never come to blossom. When his father died, however, among the books which passed into Mr. Davidson's possession was a copy of what Mr. Wegg described as 'The Decline and Fall Off.' The sight of the familiar volumes revived the boyish mood; the forgotten eclogues sprang up among other recollections, but instead of Crieff or Greenock, with their school-tasks, here was Fleet Street with its journalists. And so the well-known book was written, to the accompaniment of Gibbon's stately periods.

During the current year have been issued 'A Random Itinerary'—a series of vivid and attractive rambling sketches—the collected 'Plays' of which I have spoken, and 'Baptist Lake,' a novel which reveals an exceptional insight into womanhood and a rare power of delineating the tragedy and pathos that occur in commonplace lives. Before the year closes we shall have a volume of 'Ballads and Songs' through Mr. Lane, and a prose romance through Messrs. Ward and Downey, entitled 'A Full and True Account of the Wonderful Mission of Earl Lavender, which lasted a Night and a Day; with a History of the Pursuit of Earl Lavender and Lord Brougham by Maud Emblem and Mrs. Scamler.'

That 'Fleet Street Eclogues' should have made its mark is curiously in consonance with Mr. Davidson's tempera ment. In spite of his love of frith and mountain he is as absolute a city warbler as Poor Susan's thrush in Wood Street. Practically all his work has been written among bricks and mortar. It is there he finds his men and women, but having found them, he transports them to Belmarie—Chaucer's or his own—to Naxos, to a Scottish village, to the Ochils, or to Epping Forest and Winchilsea. His landscape is a vision; his epoch is the age of "anomes and clarigolds"; his men are in the main creatures of the wildest impulse, the sheerest romance, the most delightful wit; his women—well, it would be hard to find sweeter, more original, more delicious women in the pages of fiction or poesy. This is not the occasion for detailed criticism, but it may safely be said that no one who reads his works can deny that they are the unique and beautiful creations of one of the strongest and the most distinctly original of the younger men.

"A COMPLAINT AGAINST PRINTERS."

By T. Bridges, Printer.

THE October number of The Bookman contained an article under the above heading by "An Editor," one who has apparently "suffered many things of many" printers, and craves for one who shall give him artistic ease. On the whole, his "complaint" is well founded, but possibly it arises from a rather exacting and individual standard of taste. In an age when the highest excellence is demanded as a basis rather than as a mark of superiority, it is inevitable that much disappointment must be experienced from the output of ordinary mortals; and printers do not claim to be, nor are they, vastly superior to the general run of workmen whose business requires an education (or at any rate whose remuneration is greatly) short of professional. Still, as I have said, "An Editor's" complaint is well founded. Then let me take it in detail.

1. Presuming it to be correct that a prospectus is generally "utterly bad" (which, as a printer, I cannot concede to the extent that "it requires to be altered from beginning to end"), is not this frequently due to the fact that the customer crowds so much into a stipulated number of pages, that the printer has little scope for taste or "display"? If a little editorial discrimination were allowed him when he finds himself reduced to nonpareil type, and without room for a "lead," how different the result might be! But no; the whole has to be got in—somehow; and even then he not infrequently has "over-matter."

"A good title-page, pleasing to the eye, simple, clear, and artistic, is an excellent beginning to a book." Truly. And here printers are, to my mind, largely at fault. But what does it arise from? The type-founder has ransacked his world for "novelty," and has manufactured every at present conceivable character, from the antique down through the mediæval to the modern, straining after the "up-to-date" and would-be artistic, which latter resolves itself mostly into a compromise between the antique and the mediæval, though now and again a type *is* cast which embraces the best features of both, as well as includes novelty, originality, and taste. But the compositor, when face to face with the awful responsibility of setting a title-page, considers himself bound to use the newest and "prettiest" type in the establishment, and so complacently sets up lines well suited to a concert or ball programme, but as unsuited to a title-page for a literary volume as can be well conceived, with the result that the page is neither (for the particular work) "pleasing

to the eye, simple, clear, nor artistic," and so forms the amplest justification of "An Editor's" complaint.

Again, most truly, "the way in which a book is printed, the arrangement, and especially the choice of the head-line, affect the comfort of the reader very greatly." But the complaint that "the editor, or publisher, or author has to make the changes, suggest the types, guide the general arrangement," is simply due to custom and, once more, to the limitations placed on the *bulk* of a book. If a printer (that is, a better-class book-printer) were given a freer hand with the quantity the MSS. is to make (even to the extent of thirty-two pages in a single volume), the result would probably be very different. For it means the difference between a size larger type (or, preferably, the same type "thin leaded") and the compressed, heavy, and uncomfortable appearance of the page as printed to meet the imperative number of sheets. So that this complaint arises partly from custom and partly—or *mainly*—from financial considerations. Printers would doubtless be as willing as able to undertake this responsibility, if allowed, and much friction would be saved thereby.

2. The complaint against reading may be said also to be justifiable as a whole, though between the days when Tindale's Bibles were first printed and the present the printer's reader has "advanced with the times," to the extent of the remarkable accuracy of the present-day Bible. Still, for good-class literature, the competent printer's reader is much sought after by printers, though his remuneration for anxious and wearying work is at the best scanty. The really satisfactory printer's reader is almost necessarily scarce, for he must *first of all* (the proposition is indisputable, as any practical printer will admit) be a *printer*, and, therefore, his education is not primarily of the highest, speaking generally. Then he must have a long technical and literary training, during which his employer suffers in reputation, and "An Editor" fumes, and eventually, in disgust, writes his "complaint." By the time the said reader has got somewhat abreast of the editor in knowledge, so that he would really be of use to him as an assistant in the hurry of his editorial work, why, he is either "done up" or looks out for an assistant-editorship, and leaves the "reading" to those who are on the lower rungs of the ladder and are content to remain there. The case cited by "An Editor" must surely be an extreme one. I am glad to see that he knows "proof-readers who correct Syriac, Arabic, and almost any other language." I can add, above and beyond that, that I know readers who can and do correct the *English* language of authors (this is evidently not included in the "other language"), and small thanks do they, as a rule, get for it. At the present time the writer has made many suggestions of a purely literary nature in high-class work passing through the press (to mention the title would, of course, be inadmissible), and not one "Thanks"—that oasis in the weary desert of a reader's life—has reached him, though the suggestions have, scarcely without exception, been adopted!

I have given some—I think, practical—explanations of the reason why "An Editor" complains; showing that, although in the main his complaint is justifiable, the fault is fairly equally divided between the printer, the publisher, and the editor or author. The printer might reasonably be expected to instruct his workmen in the relative suitability of the type; the publisher might give the printer more atitude; and the editor or author might be a little more encouraging to the reader by recognising when he is of real assistance.

Finally, jobbing printers (to whom prospectuses properly pertain) would do well to seek compositors with artistic perceptions (rather than "artists," as the term is generally understood); and book publishers should pay such prices for their work as would enable book-printers to raise the standard of their reading staff, so that well-educated youths may be articled as "readers," receiving the necessary composing-room training as well as that required for a reader, thus approximating reading more nearly to a profession such as journalism—with its attendant salary—than at present.

NEW BOOKS.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF ERASMUS.*

It is more than a quarter of a century since Mr. Froude delivered at Newcastle the three Lectures on "The Times of Erasmus and Luther," which have remained conspicuous in English literature as presenting by far the most graphic, if in one or two points slightly distorted, pictures of these great figures in European history. The present volume is not a re-cast or expansion of the Newcastle lectures; it is in some respects more valuable, although we find in it no such finished portrait of Erasmus. Professor Froude's purpose has been to allow the great scholar to speak for himself; and the characteristic of the volume is its full presentation of the correspondence of Erasmus. The letters cited are of course arranged, and they are skilfully connected by historical notes and original reflexions such as we expect from a biographer or historian. But the excellence of the book mainly consists in the incomparable raciness of the translations of Erasmus' letters with which it is filled. This feature of the volume at once suggests comparison with Jortin's Life, but with all the merits of that honest endeavour to let Erasmus speak for himself, it cannot fail to be superseded by these lectures as a rendering of the correspondence. And whoever has looked at the enormous and ill-arranged mass of letters which Erasmus left behind him will cordially acknowledge the debt we owe to Mr. Froude. The translation is of the highest order, preserving, and perhaps sometimes even a little sharpening, the wit and felicity of the original; always making us thankful that Mr. Froude has saved this correspondence from falling into the hands of some heavy dry-as-dust hack. Wherever necessary Professor Froude has abridged, compressed, and epitomised; he has also eked out the correspondence by passages from the *Colloquies*, the *Encomium Moriæ*, and other writings.

There are no contemporary sources from which we can gather so graphic a picture of the early years of the sixteenth century, and of its chief figures, as we find in Erasmus. We have deliberate portraits of some and casual "snap shots" of others—the Emperors Maximilian and Charles; Popes Julius II., Leo X., Adrian VI., Clement VII., and others; the Englishmen who were making England, Henry VIII., More, Colet, Warham, and many more. And whether we think Erasmus' attitude towards the Reformation was honourable to himself or not, there can be no question that his sitting on the fence enabled him to see the tares that were growing up in either field with a quicker discernment than was possible to those who were busy at work in their own plot. Neither can there be a question that in the exposure of the irregularities of the clergy his pen was by far the most powerful weapon, and his satire leavened the popular mind with ideas and sentiments which largely contributed to the Reformation.

Mr. Froude's interpolated narrative is useful, and lends point to the letters. His remarks are often felicitous and acceptable, sometimes not so. To illustrate the magnanimity of Erasmus' attitude towards Luther it was scarcely needful to contrast it with the conduct of "various persons of high reputation a few years ago who thought at bottom very much as Bishop Colenso thought, who nevertheless turned and rent him to clear their own reputations." On the other hand, we have the following suggestive remark on literary patronage: "Without Maecenas we might have had no odes or satires from Horace; without the Duke of Lerma we should have had no Don Quixote; without the Duke of Weimar we might have had no Faust; without the Lady of Vere there would have been no New Testament, no 'Moria,' no 'Colloquies.' The patronage system may not be the best, but it is better than leaving genius to be smothered or debased by misery. And when genius is taught that life depends on pleasing the readers at the shilling book-stalls, it may be smothered that way too, for all that I can see to the contrary." Thousands of readers will in their hearts thank Mr. Froude for the patient toil and incomparable skill which have given them many hours of fruitful enjoyment. This is the kind of book which opens a new world

* 'Life and Letters of Erasmus.' Lectures delivered at Oxford, 1893-4. By J. A. Froude, Regius Professor of Modern History. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)

to ingenuous youth, and leads many to find lasting joy in literature or in history. The only regret in reading it is that it seems to have hastened the end of one of the most distinguished figures in our literature. Marcus Dods.

DANIEL DEFOE.*

The new life of Defoe is a disappointing book. The diligence of the writer, his conscientiousness his scrupulous regard for historical accuracy, are indeed deserving of the highest praise. He has hunted through parish registers and searched the libraries for references to Defoe and his family. He has interviewed the descendants of the author of Robinson Crusoe. He has made full use of the unpublished letters of Defoe that are in the British Museum. The pity of it is that whilst possessing some of the necessary qualifications of the ideal biographer, he has proved himself utterly unable to make a proper use of the mass of material that he has gathered together. His book is, for the most part, a mere collection of facts; and its author is quite unable to fulfil the promise that he makes in the preface, to present us with "a man of flesh and blood," to make the real Defoe stand before us. Moreover, notwithstanding his praiseworthy industry, the discoveries that Mr. Wright has made are few in number and of no great importance. He has unearthed some unpublished letters by Defoe, but these add but little to our knowledge of their writer. He has proved that the home of the Foes was Etton, not Elton, in Northamptonshire. He has succeeded in making one or two slight corrections in the list of Defoe's works compiled by the painstaking Mr. Lee.

Defoe's latest biographer is deficient above everything else in critical power. "To see the object as in itself it really is,"—this is not his aim. He is convinced that it is his first duty as a biographer to point out "the moral of Defoe's life"; and he is continually on the look out for opportunities for indulging in commonplace moralizings. But although Mr. Wright is unable to give us any sound criticism of his own, either of Defoe's personality or of his works, he is wise enough to make lengthy and frequent extracts from the writings of Mr. Saintsbury, Mr. A. B. Walkley, and the late Professor Minto. In fact, throughout the whole course of his work, he constantly uses paste and scissors. He succeeds, however, in his preface, in giving utterance to one statement of striking originality. In spite of the fact that on almost every page of his book it is possible to find evidence to the contrary, he solemnly asserts that "Defoe was not a story-teller in both senses of the word." If in the rich and complex character of Defoe there was one feature that was more conspicuous than any other, it was his wonderful gift for "forging stories and imposing them on the world for truth." "He was," as Professor Minto asserted in the concluding chapter of his brilliant monograph, "a truly great liar." He was a liar in the grand style, perhaps the most consummate artist in lies that ever lived. Placed by the side of any one of his brilliant cycle of masterpieces, the inventions of Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville, of Sir Kenelm Digby and Titus Oates seem to be but the crude performances of well-meaning amateurs. In the whole of human history he has but one serious rival in his own special branch of art, and that is the good Queen Elizabeth. Both the Cornhill merchant and the great daughter of Henry the Eighth adopted the maxims of the Florentine Secretary, who taught the world that a most necessary qualification for one who desires to be a leader amongst his fellow men is to be able to lie cleverly, to play the hypocrite well. Whether he is posing as a loyal Whig, whilst he is secretly in the pay of Harley, or editing a Tory journal in the interests of the Whig leaders; whether he is giving a true and authentic account of the great plague, or telling the story of "the blowing up of the island of St. Vincent;" whether he is writing "the Memoir of a Cavalier," or relating the exploits of Dominique Cartouche—in all his varied occupations he shows the same remarkable capacity. His "natural infirmity of homely, plain writing," his constant references to trustworthy authorities, the righteous indignation he showed against those writers who endeavoured to gull a too credulous public, the profound respect he always displayed for the pet virtues of the English bourgeoisie—all lent to his most daring fabrications an air of verisimilitude. It was, for the most part, to the possession of this unique power that he owed his success as a journalist and as a writer of fiction. "He was never gravelled for lack of matter," says Professor Minto, "and had no nice ideas about manner, and was sometimes sore about the superior respectability of those who had." Were he alive to-day, we should find him, no doubt, at the head of that class of critics who speak with contempt of the "mandarinism" of Matthew Arnold and of "the higher Podsnappery" of Pater. His idea of "a good writer" was one who knew what the public wanted, and who gave it them. He regarded literature, in fact, as a trade, not as an art; and "Robinson Crusoe" and "Moll Flanders" were as much pot-boilers as are the novels of Ohnet, or the pictures of some popular Academicians. His splendid literary gifts alone raised his work above the level of mediocrity. To his great resourcefulness, his restless inventive activity, we owe the origination or the development of several important features in modern journalism, such as the leading article, the practice of interviewing, the society paper. He was, too, the prince of log-rollers. "He wrote letters to himself," as Mr. Wright himself tells us, "saying that his paper 'was the best and most sensible of all newspapers;' he referred to himself as 'the well-known Daniel Defoe';" he reviewed his own books anonymously, "praising them to the skies." "If it answered his purpose, he corrected himself, quoted himself, vituperised himself."

But, notwithstanding his many failings, there is enough for the moralist to admire in Defoe's strangely complex character without endowing him with imaginary virtues. Like Machiavelli, he was "an enigma, a grotesque assemblage of incongruous qualities," a wonderful combination of knave and patriot. Like Machiavelli, he desired that his country should be united and free, and to secure that end he worked with indomitable energy and patience.

Mr. Wright's book does not realize our expectations of it; but he deserves our thanks for his persevering endeavours to throw some fresh light on a unique and interesting personality. R. L. Douglas.

* 'The Life of Daniel Defoe.' By Thomas Wright. (Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE LILAC SUNBONNET.*

It seems to us but a few weeks ago since we had the pleasure of reading Mr. Crockett's 'Raiders.' And now the result of another "raid" is in the hands of the reading public. In his former book the author took his readers into the wilds of Galloway, till then *terra incognita* to the outside world. He made us acquainted with the wild race of gypsies—the Faas and the Marshalls, the Rob Roys of the Southern Highlands, who, secure in the fastnesses of the rough glens, made a raid from time to time and despoiled the more peaceful and law-abiding inhabitants of the plains below. The book was full of fascination, and the descriptions so breathing the spirit of grey hills and deep glens that the reader laid down the story only to feel the spell still remaining. In 'The Lilac Sunbonnet' Mr. Crockett again takes his readers to the same happy hunting ground, but the period of the story is less remote than that of 'The Raiders.' Once more we have the healthy breath of winds sweeping the gray hillside, the same still dark nights with stars reflected in the bosom of lochs and rivers, the moan or whisper of trees, storm and witchery of sunlight—in short, all that endears Galloway to the true Gallovidian. In this new book of Mr. Crockett's what strikes us most is the infinite charm of the pictures he describes. The author has a keen perception of the beauties of landscape, and an eye quick to note all the variety of change in the lights and shadows that come and go on hillside and mountain. The story itself is truly a love story, and the author has given us, in the character of the heroine, Winsome Charteris, as fine a portrait as can be met with in the whole range of fiction. The story is a series of little idylls, each full of exquisite descriptions of rural life and its manners and customs. We are not stretching our praise too far when we venture to name Mr. Crockett a Scotch Theocritus in prose. And here we would instance such chapters as "The Love Song of the Mavis," "Midsummer Dawn," "The

* 'The Lilac Sunbonnet.' By S. R. Crockett, author of 'The Raiders,' etc. (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1894.)

Dark of the Moon at the Grannoch Bridge," and others in which the descriptions are masterly, and true to the very heart of the things written about. Ralph Peden, the hero of the story, is the son of Gilbert Peden, the Metropolitan Marrow minister who resides in James's Court, Edinburgh, and is sent by his father to his old friend, Allan Welsh, minister of the Marrow Kirk in Dullarg. And here the story opens and the wearer of the lilac sunbonnet steps in to play sad havoc with the note-books, commentaries, and Hebrew lexicon of the young student who comes to the Manse of Dullarg to prepare his trial sermon, for he is the hope of the people of the Marrow faith. No wonder that he neglected his studies—here is the portrait of Winsome Charteris: "Fair hair, crisping and tendrilling over her brow, swept back till caught close behind her head by a tiny ribbon of blue—then, again escaping, it went scattering and wavering over her shoulders wonderingly, like nothing on earth but Winsome Charteris' hair . . . . eyes which, emulating the parish poet, we can only describe as like two blue waves when they rise just far enough to catch a sparkle of light on their crests. The subject of her mouth, though a tempting one, we refuse to touch. It has already wrecked three promising reputations." Into the story itself we do not propose to enter. But we cannot lay down the book without drawing attention to the Farm Town of Craig Ronald, and the sad, pathetic figure of Walter Skirving, a cavalier Puritan, sitting there, powerless though still erect and firm, gazing through the window on the far-away Galloway hills, and dreaming of many things and saying little, though the old fires still smoulder in his heart. We consider this the finest thing in 'The Lilac Sunbonnet'—a story which is sure to add to the fame of its author, and to raise high hopes for the next volume from his pen.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL.*

Professor Raleigh's book is interesting both as a good thing in itself and as a sign of a growing standard of excellence in the books that feed a popular educational movement—for it is one of Mr. Murray's University Extension Manuals. There is little, however, in its tone to suggest the text-book; its orderliness and its completeness—the latter within the limits imposed by its size—are the only marks that it has been made with a view to providing convenient information. Readers may therefore throw aside prejudices against manuals in the case of this particularly bright, particularly readable little history, for, apart from its excellence as a survey, it contains an unusual amount of intelligent literary criticism. To students, as distinct from general readers, there are few books—I hardly know of one within text-book boundaries—that contains so good a substitute for the inspiring personal note of sympathy which is the special gift of a good lecturer.

Beginning with the earliest romances, and extending to the publication of 'Waverley,' it can hardly be said to omit clear definite reference to any work of importance. What may be called the hereditary method has been adhered to throughout, each novelist being clearly connected with his artistic fathers and children; but there has been no undue straining of ingenuity to place each one in a family. Doubtless Professor Raleigh owes many suggestions to M. Jusserand, to whom he makes several grateful references. That appreciative French critic of our literature has gone over a great part of the same ground, not only in his account of the English Novel before Shakespeare, but in his slighter and less known essays, "Le Roman Anglais—Origines et Formation des Grandes Ecoles de Romanciers," and "Le Roman Anglais et la Réforme Littéraire de Daniel Defoe;" but while fully acknowledging the rare combination in M. Jusserand of erudition and charm, he has one fault which now and again weakens our value of his judgment, a tendency to make too much of interesting but trivial and accidental points. This his English follower has avoided. Professor Raleigh's book is that of a lover rather than of a professor of literature. Indeed, the personal note in it is very audible. He has taken up no cold attitude of impartiality, but very frankly lets his sympathies shine through, and as these are healthy and catholic they add considerably to the interest while not decreasing the value. Only in a few cases does it occur to me that he might have done fuller justice to what does not specially appeal to him. A comparison of his criticisms of Richardson and Fielding will provide an illustration. But were this exaggerated, it would still be better than the conventional praise and dispraise, the dry superficiality of most writers with so little space at their command as Professor Raleigh. The literary qualities of the book are proved by nothing more than the fact that he has over and over again, in a short paragraph, given a portrait lifelike and first-hand, showing not only intimate knowledge of facts and features, but profound insight into character. Few writers have had more commonplaces written about them than Dr. Johnson; but it is worth while reading this newest criticism, the result of which will be to send not a few of us back to 'Rasselas' to revise our judgments by the light of Professor Raleigh's sympathetic description—which is not even altogether spoiled by such a phrase as "inspissated tenebrosity."

It seems to me he has only once gone seriously wrong, and by the perilous path of comparative criticism. Every one knows Macaulay's comparison between Jane Austen and Shakespeare. There was not much in it, though it has been quoted a hundred times, but it is repeated here with aggravation: "Of the two, Shakespeare, eternally susceptible to temptation by a gleam of poetry, exhibits the less majestic calm. He can hardly be content for long with the supremacy of an inferior kingdom." To this one only says, Of course. But he continues, quoting from Mr. Goldwin Smith: "The hand which drew Miss Bates, though it could not have drawn Lady Macbeth, could have drawn Dame Quickly or the nurse in 'Romeo and Juliet.'" Of this, one may have the strongest doubts; but Professor Raleigh continues, in his own words, "The same hand, had it attempted the description of the murder of the little princes in 'Richard III., would never have slipped into the poetic metaphor that gives to Shakespeare's hired assassins so unreal an air." The criticism of Shakespeare is just; the rest is idle, because Miss Austen would never have made such an attempt, and it is vain talking about it. It is rare that he loses his way so far.

The style is bright, rapid, with many epigrammatic touches. He has contrived to make his book eminently readable, not only by his unusual intimacy with his subject, but because he has thought it worth while to put good literary work into it. One other thing may be noted. Those who write of our older literature often show evidence of imperfect sympathy with, or very perfect ignorance of, recent literary developments. The theme here is not the literature of the day, but Professor Raleigh is plainly a modern, and all the better guide for moderns to the genius and the beauties of the older books.

G-Y.

* 'The English Novel: Being a Short Sketch of its History from the Earliest Times to the Appearance of "Waverley."' By Walter Raleigh. 3s. 6d. (John Murray.)

THE VAGABONDS.*

All Mrs. Woods' stories after her first have to stand a severe test, the test of comparison with 'A Village Tragedy. It is a great responsibility to have written an excellent book, and those who have done so would perhaps do well to keep silence ever after. But their frequent imprudence is our not infrequent gain, and though 'Esther Vanhomrigh' and 'The Vagabonds' are imperfect judged by the standard of Mrs. Woods's possibilities, they have excellencies of a high order. Especially is this the case with the more recent story. But putting aside 'The Village Tragedy,' and judging 'The Vagabonds' on its own merits, before reaching a due and fitting appreciation of it another obstacle stands in our way, an obstacle connected with the subject. The clowns, and Amazons, and tumblers of a travelling circus are the *dramatis personæ* and the scenes are constantly moving ones, in tent and waggon, village inn and hall. Hardly has the novel opened, then, than the reader's mind and memory are off to greet again other well-remembered tales where the ever-fascinating life of the road is pictured in a similar fashion as looked at through the eyes of just such travelling enter-

* 'The Vagabonds.' By Margaret L. Woods. 6s. (Smith and Elder.)

tainers; and scenes from 'Le Roman Comique,' from 'Le Capitaine Fracasse,' and Dumas' 'Vie d'Artiste,' stand out with great clearness of line and colour, alive with a vivacity which makes the opening chapters here seem to drag laboriously. It is only after several chapters have been read that we recognise our injustice in imagining a purpose and design to which 'The Vagabonds' does not pretend. It is only in a small degree, in spite of its *mise-en-scene*, a 'novel of the road.' It is what Mrs. Woods can imagine and write with rare sympathy, a tragic love-story of humble life, and in the circumstances of travelling circus folks she has found a fine motive. About the reality of the accidents, adventures, hardships, and interests of such life as narrated here, only an intimate could judge, but it may be not an unjust criticism of the setting of the story to remark that, while in the other novels I have named never a moment's thought is given to the question of accuracy or inaccuracy of description, incident, or dialogue, in Mrs. Woods' we are continually asking how she has gained so much information about the speech, manners, ambitions, and rivalries of a people not very easy to approach in private life. But if the treatment of the subject is laboured at times, the laboriousness never for long hides Mrs. Woods' peculiar sympathy with very varied human nature, her rare freedom from prejudice and genteel fastidiousness. I do not find all the scenes helpful to the imagination in picturing the life of a company of mountebanks, but they serve well enough as circumstance to Joe's love-story, and that, severed from the rest of the book, is as good as anything Mrs. Woods has yet done. Joe is a clown, a popular favourite, but an elderly man and not attractive in appearance in private life. The clown has often been sentimentalised over in fiction; not so here. Joe is a real living human being, with a firm hold on our affections. Long ago he had married a girl who had run away from him. She died in hospital, it was said, but falsely, and her reappearance after his love for her has died out is a terrible shadow on his newer happiness. For he has now a young wife Susan, beautiful, severely respectable, in whom his heart and soul are bound up. Susan had accepted him in desperate circumstances, but she never loves him, and despises his profession. Fritz the German acrobat, young, handsome, temperate, manly, and self-confident, wins her heart in spite of her respectability. In the muddle of affairs Joe sticks to his own views of marriage, holding that not the recovered Ada but the Susan of his affections is his real wife, but the novel appeals of religion, to which he does not answer promptly, and an unselfishness slowly evolved out of his love, combine to force him to give up Susan though his wife by law is dead by this time. Fritz and Susan go off in their selfish, youthful happiness, and Joe is left lonely. The story as sketched roughly here is full of genuine pathos, just because the hero is so human not only in his love but in his failings, in his natural desires and instincts. The narrative of this romantic tragedy is interrupted by incidents which do much to weaken the value of the book as a whole. The ghastly chase of the mad elephant bent on Fritz's destruction, is not one of these, but it is hardly strong enough for its grotesqueness to be impressive. The feeblest part is played by Sister Honoria, who tends the two rivals Joe and Fritz in the same ward after a terrible accident that occurred during the elephant chase. She is not worth the part that has been given her in the foreground of the story, for, after all, her influence over Joe's and Susan's fortunes and morals was on the whole very small. And she brings an unreal strain into the story; the scene where she reveals her agony to Joe before the crucifix in the ward, is not only highly improbable in a nurse of her standing, but melodramatic and inartistic. With such reservations we can heartily commend 'The Vagabonds' as a novel likely to gain the sympathies and interest of numerous readers.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VIGNETTES.*

Mr. Dobson did not exhaust all the best eighteenth century subjects for his special treatment in his first series of 'Vignettes.' The second is in no way behind in interest and charm. Their interest it is not difficult to explain, if one runs over the list that contains such items as 'The Journal to Stella,' 'Richardson at Home,' 'The Topography of Humphry Clinker,' 'Johnson's Library,' and 'Ranelagh'; but their charm, otherwise their complete success in their own *genre*, at once provokes and defies inquiry. In eighteenth century matters Mr. Dobson is both interested and erudite, but so are others that possess an attractive style. Others have even greater powers of dealing with an epoch pictorially, or of rousing our sympathies with or antipathies to its main enthusiasms, motives, and characteristics. Perhaps the strict limitations he has put upon these essays, their treatment of only minor personages, minor characteristics, or minor interests, or of the less prominent sides of greater personages and greater interests, have a good deal to do with his success. For he never fails to touch humanity, whatever his subject, and these secondary matters, humanly dealt with, give a feeling of intimacy that makes one comfortably at home with, and not the formal guest of another age. But in his success must chiefly be counted his familiarity with all its records. He has so much corroborative and supplementary information at his fingers' ends; he tells a story, and then you hear its echo, or its origin, or conclusion, or consequence, from all the different parts of the compass. It is like being in the centre of a conversation in which many bright minds are playing a part. The description of Smollett's monument, to take the first instance that occurs to one, leads to the question of its being in Latin, to its Latin being revised by Dr. Johnson, to Lord Kames' preference for English, to Johnson's scorn of the same, and to Boswell's compliant opinion that "Smollett's admirers would probably be equal to Latin, and that the inscription was not intended to be understood by Highland drovers." Then Mr. Dobson continues, "A passage in the Memoir of Thomas Bewick, the engraver, supplies an odd footnote to Boswell. Making his way in 1776 up the Leven from Dumbarton to Loch Lomond, Bewick paused to puzzle out the words on the pedestal, as Smollett was an author whom he 'almost adored.' But he must have gone on his way unenlightened had it not been for the opportune scholarship of a passing Highlander." The vignette of Ranelagh is perhaps the best and brightest example of this method of gathering from all available sources just the little facts and sayings that bring dead things and names to life again. It is recalled to your mind as the place where Johnson unbent—"When I first entered Ranelagh, it gave an expansion and gay sensation to my mind, such as I never experienced anywhere else"; as the nightly resort of Walpole—it "has totally beat Vauxhall. Nobody goes anywhere else—everybody goes there .... the floor is all of beaten princes—that you can't set your foot without treading on a Prince of Wales or Duke of Cumberland"; as the text of one of Chesterfield's counsels to his grandson of eleven—"Quand vous allez à Vaux Hall, souvenez vous de regaler toutte votre compagnie, et offrez les de les regaler quelque soin au Jardin de Ranelagh"; as the butt of Mr. Matthew Bramble's ridicule—"One half of the company are following one another's tails, in an eternal circle, like so many blind asses in an olive mill, where they can neither discourse, distinguish, nor be distinguished; while the other half are drinking hot water, under the denomination of tea, till nine or ten o'clock at night, to keep them awake for the rest of the evening. As for the orchestra, the vocal musick especially, it is well for the performers that they cannot be heard distinctly."

While we read we are full of pleasant illusions, and keep uttering impossible promises to ourselves, as, for instance, that henceforth we shall, regardless of limits of time and purse, turn fastidious bibliophiles, or give ourselves up to the study of eighteenth century history, and forswear the vulgar present. Mr. Dobson attracts us to his subjects, not by his brightness only, but his amiability.

> "I seek
> To steer 'twixt blame and blindness;
> I strive (as someone said in Greek)
> To speak the truth with kindness,"

he says in his Epilogue, and many a shaky reputation has the benefit and the blessing, and no doubt the justice, of his

* 'Eighteenth Century Vignettes.' Second Series. By Austin Dobson. (Chatto and Windus.)

kindness, Roubillac and Roger Payne, to name but two. There have been many kinds of talents at work in these Vignettes. It is not the first time that Mr. Dobson has seemed to be a born writer of Memoirs, not altogether fulfilling his destiny; his 'Lady Mary Coke' in this volume confirms the idea. But for the first time it occurs to one that he might write an admirable historical novel. It is the first two pages of his Vignette on 'The Journal to Stella' that suggests it. G-Y.

ISOCRATES.*

Isocrates has enjoyed a remarkable reputation. Cicero studied him, and Bossuet ranked him with Plato and Demosthenes as a master of style. For two thousand years he has held a distinguished place among "the ten Attic orators," though he never delivered a speech, and Milton has consecrated his memory as "that old man eloquent," who refused to survive the loss of Grecian liberty and died of a broken heart, prematurely "killed by report" of Philip's victory at Charonea, in the ninety-eighth year of his age. Nor was he much less fortunate in life, for though he himself lacked the nerve and voice requisite for a public speaker, yet he amassed a large fortune by teaching rhetoric to young men of birth and ability from whom he received colossal fees, while by his writings, which are political essays thrown into the form of speeches, he secured the credit not only of eloquence but of statesmanship.

The causes of his success are not far to seek. He was the first man who fully saw how much technical instruction in rhetoric can do for a young man about to enter on public life, and he was also himself a master of prose style, and practically the discoverer of that "prose rhythm" which, as handed down through Cicero, has helped to train the ear of some of the greatest masters of English prose, and still survives in the oratory of Mr. Gladstone. But nowadays his skill has only an historic interest. The stress and strain of modern life do not allow men time to balance clauses to a syllable or measure the exact cadence of a perfect period, while the discussion of all political questions in books, magazines, and newspapers is so ample that professorial lectures are absolutely needless. Nor are the specimens of his art which Isocrates has left behind him of such a character as ever to excite general interest. He is after all only a political essayist, and, though as the father of that fertile race he excites curiosity, still the world is now getting weary of political essays, and even the best of them lose their interest when the questions with which they deal have been finally settled for over twenty centuries. Moreover, even as an essayist Isocrates is too dignified ever to be lively. He is as conscious of his own importance as a bishop in the pulpit. His subject is admirably arranged; every sentiment is hall-marked; every phrase exhibits a figure of rhetoric and every sentence has exactly the proper words at the conclusion: but there is no life, no vigour, no enthusiasm; the whole is an academic exercise and flat as ditch-water.

To translate such a writer adequately is impossible, for the exquisite rhythm, which constitutes the peculiar charm of the original, cannot be reproduced in a non-inflecting language such as English. Mr. Freese has, however, done his work with great care and accuracy, and his translation—like most of the others which Messrs. Bell are now issuing in this series—is far superior in quality to the mere cribs bearing the name of "Bohn," with which schoolboys twenty years ago were only too familiar. The Introduction, too, and notes provide as much information as the average classical student will require, but it is hard to imagine that "the English readers," for whom Mr. Freese says that his work is "mainly intended," will ever be numerous. In the history of the development of literary prose Isocrates occupies a striking place, but his merit is almost wholly technical. He does not deserve the harsh verdict of Niebuhr that "he was a thoroughly miserable and despicable writer," but there is nothing interesting in him as a man, and his writings entirely lack that large and living power which can alone command the attention of distant ages. His name is often quoted, but his works will never be largely read. T. E. PAGE.

* 'The Orations of Isocrates.' Translated by J. H. Freese. Vol. I. Bohn's Classical Library. 5s. (George Bell and Son.)

MR. STACY MARKS' REMINISCENCES.*

Mr. Stacy Marks has written the brightest book of reminiscences that has appeared for a very long time. Full of his own genial personality, they are nevertheless singularly free from offensive egotism. He has no thought, he says, of their filling a long-felt want, nor has he been goaded to the work by enthusiastic friends; but having known all kinds of folks in his time, and been on excellent terms with many, his memory is stored with good things, and with hardly any bitterness at all. The reminiscences of artists are often less brilliant than those of men of letters, but they are almost invariably more cheerful and breezy. Mr. Marks indirectly explains the source of his cheerfulness when he says, "I don't ever remember to have worked from the rising to the setting of the sun, or to have been found still brooding at my easel as the evening shadows deepened and darkened around, by a tearful wife and children imploring me to take some necessary nourishment." On the other hand, the general limitations of artists' life, that of London ones at least, are pointed out here, too, in a letter from Mr. Ruskin: "Leslie's book ['Our River'], sweet and honest as it is, has given me a worse notion than I ever had before of the elements of artists' life in London. You associate only with each other, and you want each to be at the top of the tree, when the top of it is far in the clouds above, without any possibility of sight from that Thames level." This artist, at least, has looked closely at other kinds of life than his own, though it must be said that his genial recollections of student days in Paris, of Mr. Ruskin, of Frederick Walker, of Charles Keene, are what give his book its particular value. Many of his stories have already brightened the reviews of 'Pen and Pencil Sketches.' It is only fair to allow readers to pick the rest from the volumes themselves, where they will be found in conjunction with delightful illustrations.

SORROW AND SONG.†

Mr. Coulson Kernahan has collected several good papers in a pretty little volume called 'Sorrow and Song.' Perhaps he walks abroad a little too sumptuously arrayed in the purple and fine linen of style, but certainly the reader fares sumptuously during the hour or two he may spend with Mr. Kernahan. Sometimes the writing seems overly intense for the subject, or, as it may be, for the mood of the reader. But the essays are both truly thought and well written. What he says in the first paper about the "devil's imp" in Heine, which for ever plays with the stiletto, and in the turn of a sentence flashes the blade into some man's back, is both strong and memorable.

"Some of Heine's characteristic lyrics open with the wailing of a broken heart. The lines seem to drip blood as we read them. Then there flashes across the page, with the suddenness of purple lightning, one of those deadly dagger stabs with which Heine struck at many a reputation; and then there is a sudden change in the music, and the verses skip and leap, ripple and run, as if to the accompaniment of dancing feet. In the next stanza, it may be, he holds us hushed and spellbound as when we stand at sun-down in the darkening aisles of an ancient minster; and then he startles the silence, which he himself has created, with a wild burst of mocking and ribald laughter."

This strikes us as being perhaps as good a description of Heine's characteristic vein as we have read. It is apt, true, and sensuously expressed. Yet in this very luxuriance lies perhaps the true danger of Mr. Kernahan's personal equation. For it is a good and a faithful proverb that if we take care of the adjectives, the substantives will take care of themselves. Alas that we find it so hard a maxim to act up to, at least those of us who are on the sunny side of fifty, often as we are told of it.

But the book is a good and a worthy one—all the more that the subjects are not quite usual ones for an essayist to choose in our hurry-scurry time. Mr. Kernahan shows himself a genuine thinker, a sympathetic critic, a patient analyst, and, above all, a man of wholesome clean soul, so far as he has enshrined it in the pages of this modestly dignified little book. S. R. C.

* 'Pen and Pencil Sketches. By H. S. Marks, R.A. 2 vols. 32s. (Chatto and Windus.)

† 'Sorrow and Song.' By Coulson Kernahan. (Ward, Lock.)

NOVEL NOTES.

KERRIGAN'S QUALITY. By Jane Barlow. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

We looked at this novel by Miss Barlow with a not unnatural anxiety, lest, in what is generally looked on as a more ambitious attempt than the writing of short sketches, she might have been drawn away from the delineation of that life she has proved herself in 'Irish Idylls' to have so marvellous a sympathy with. The anxiety was needless. 'Kerrigan's Quality' has a story in it outside peasant life, but the main scenes are such as draw out Miss Barlow's special powers. If we are not deeply concerned about the affairs of the Quality, we are far from being indifferent to Kerrigan, while Kerrigan's neighbours are worthy of a place in the Idylls, and nothing more can be said. If the reader be only mildly interested in the decayed great folks at the big house, Kerrigan's tenants, the neighbourhood does not share his apathy. They are the source of endless curiosity, and the text of some philosophy too. '"It's a serious matter entirely for Quality to not like anythin' they have," said Mrs. Mack. "A poor body now, that hasn't got his likin's, he can aisy understand how he might be better off, but when Quality's dissatisfied in themselves, sure they know there's nothin' more to be had. They've come to the end of everythin' in this world." "I dunno but I'd better not ha' finished up all me chances that way," said Mrs. Gallaher.' Local interest in Quality takes extremely benevolent ways of expressing itself. The young lady at the big house has been looking out daily for a letter, and Andy the postman has one for her at last; but it is black edged, and he refuses to deliver it, bringing it to Kerrigan next day, who threatens to have him superseded in his office. '"Mails or no mails," said Andy, "I've no call to be annoyin' her wid misfortins and deaths, and divil a bit of me will for man or stick. Long sorry I'd be to have the bringin' her of any such a hijis-lookin' thing"—he glared vindictively at the letter which Kerrigan had flung down on the table before him—"begorra I would so. Take it or lave it, accordin' as you may considher, but you needn't go for to say it's any doin' of mine."' There is plenty of humour to bring flashes of light into the story, but it plays nevertheless on that narrow land bordered on both sides by cruel starvation. Miss Barlow has in the Idylls and in 'Bogland Studies' shown the quiet fatalistic temper of the inhabitants of that land as she has known them. Unembittered and unenvious, it is facts rather than regrets they express when they say, '"Sure, God knows, 'tis the nature of things to be kep' up for them that have more than they can tell what to do wid already,"' or '"Sez I to meself, it's layin' themselves out to be conthrary things are, and that's a mortial fac'." Miss Barlow has the power of so touching hearts without ever obtrusively showing hardship and misery, that readers will feel intense gratitude to her for ending the story with Kerrigan's bounty and its promise of better things for the toilers on the unkindly soil and the perilous sea. We have read most pages of the story with admiration, and every one with sympathy.

MY LADY ROTHA. By Stanley Weyman. (A. D. Innes).

Mr. Weyman's constant production does him no harm, evidently. Indeed, he is assuring for himself a high place among English story-tellers. The matter out of which he weaves his romances is never thin. If he does not use such a wasteful amount as Dumas, he always strikes one as having enough, and as having got it from good sources. And his presentment of it grows with each story more skilful, more literary. 'My Lady Rotha' is an admirable bit of story-telling, in as far as manner goes, so admirable that one is ready to forgive a certain looseness in the plot. It is doubtful if Mr. Weyman have yet chosen or found his field. At the present moment he is very cleverly combining two kinds of story-telling, which at first sight are nearly irreconcileable. His tales are of the belt and spur order, of camps and rough rides and hairbreadth adventures, and the motives and effects of the actions are purely conventional—virtue is rewarded, vice is punished, brave heart wins fair lady, and so on. Yet they contain studies of character, sometimes ambitious ones, where though the main lines are drawn according to a conventional pattern, the details are strongly individual. Which side will be ultimately developed, whether he will write mainly for the young or for older folk, it is at this point impossible to say. In 'My Lady Rotha,' he has done a daring thing, for he has gifted his heroine, in many ways a charming person, with an unmistakably bad temper.

HIS VANISHED STAR. By Charles Egbert Craddock. (Chatto and Windus).

If Mr. Weyman does not overload his work, there is one writer of excellent American stories, of which, unfortunately, the same can not be said. Charles Egbert Craddock, otherwise Miss Murfree, is not usually looked on as a writer of adventure tales, and she certainly has both ambitions and talents in other directions; nevertheless, whatever be her powers of description of nature and human character, where she shows most native vigour is in the narration of the adventures and perils of a rough, half-civilised country. But she manages to obscure this talent wonderfully. Her method is growing more and more elaborate and slow, and to read her last book, 'His Vanished Star' wants patience indeed. There is not a page in it which will not cause a reader to respect the writer for her good, thorough, painstaking work, and hardly one where he will not fretfully wish to spur on the narrative. The personages when you get at them are excellently delineated, but they look out of a fog of elaborate description, and for long are but dimly descried. Not for the first time does the writer with wonderful success describe the grotesque in lonely child-life; and Sis, who at nine years old was computed by all who knew her to be considerably older than the United States, though a minor personage during the reading of the story, takes a more prominent place in one's memory of it.

CHILDREN OF CIRCUMSTANCE. By Iota. 3 vols. (Hutchinson.)

In 'A Yellow Aster' there was a half-pathetic, half-comic couple that reconciled a good many discontented readers to the book, that gave it a genuine human interest which the two central figures did not provide. Something of the kind is again attempted here, the *rôle* of pathetic absurdity being given to the heroine's two maiden aunts. But these life failures and Plymouth sister successes are far more crudely and carelessly sketched than were the foolish old scholars of the previous tale, and the main story cannot depend on them for its interest. In compensation the main story, spite of a melodramatic beginning, is more humanly interesting, though it contains a larger number of separate improbabilities, and though from an artistic point of view its value is distinctly less. Geoffrey Hyde marries his cousin and afterwards makes love to Margaret, a young girl. After a tragic meeting of the three, where they discover the mess they are in, severally and collectively, and after an abortive elopement, they all behave henceforward in the noblest fashion conceivable. Hyde, the sinner, cultivates his estates and a constituency, evolves the absurdest political creed out of his inner consciousness, and behaves respectfully to his wife. His wife loves him to distraction, though she is constitutionally unable to convince him of her devotion, hides her ill-health, encouraging him to fulfil his high destiny which is evidently to be a Parliamentary bore, and makes friends with the girl whom she magnanimously takes for granted will be her successor. Margaret, at the age of nineteen, takes up her abode among social outcasts, organises supper-parties and amusements for them, *en attendant* the death of her rival, whom she adores, and the lawful return of Hyde to her feet. This consummation, be it understood, is not anticipated by her, only carefully led up to by her creator. About this heroine Margaret, one thing must be said. A girl of nineteen, brought up in retirement, may be mentally very advanced; she may understand the differential calculus and enjoy the consideration of it, and be fairly normal in spite of all, but in defiance of whatever "Iota's" experience on the point may be, we say that the possession of the moral experience of life which she gives to her heroine at the early interview with Hyde and his wife, proves that heroine to be a monstrosity, and, therefore, humanly uninteresting. "'Preach!' said Margaret, wretchedly, 'I couldn't to save my life. I wish I could.'"

Most superfluous wish! There isn't a creature in the book that cannot, and does not, preach every day. The noble erring hero preaches by the page; his pale, prim wife gasps out dejected homilies; the muscular parson mounts the pulpit, of course; the outcasts preach, one of them turning lengthy and eloquent prophet just before committing suicide; the downright, unemotional young woman with a mission and talent for doctoring her friends, preaches, though in real life it is safe to say she would have jerked out her few words contemptuous of them because they were not beef-tea, brandy, and quinine. The book is a long round of discourses, some of them excellent, all of them forcibly expressed. Well, fiction is a free art now-a-days, and it is useless to complain if it presents us sometimes with a series of May meetings. But if only those who have the gift knew of the numberless meeting-houses and lecture halls where thirsty audiences can at the shortest notice be procured, they would shoot less of their eloquence into three-volumed novels, whose *clientèle* is a much less appreciative one. The thesis of the book is, evidently, that by a cultivation of the natural affections and graces, women will do much more for the regeneration of the world than by taking up missions, or improving their intellects. With that sentiment we have no quarrel, but the natural result of reading so unrestrained a book, is to make one fear the emotions, and to long to give one's self up wholly to the severest mental discipline, happen what may to the moral regeneration of the world. "Iota" does not lack cleverness. 'Children of Circumstance' is full of cleverness, quick wit, common sense, good feeling; but her manifestations of these qualities are such as would tell considerably more in real life than in literature, and we see less promise of permanent success here than in her former book. One or two blunders she might have avoided. Her parliamentary candidate should not have been allowed to defy the Corrupt Practices Act by holding a meeting at "an inn"—in that comfortable name there is no suggestion of temperance. And educated persons, even those who hold the cultivation of the intellect of secondary importance, need not talk of M. *Rénan*.

LOVE IN IDLENESS. A Bar Harbour Tale. By F. Marion Crawford. 2s. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Crawford has at least two manners—a highly romantic one, when he deals with simple passionate natures or picturesquely mysterious ones, and another which he adopts for the delineation of sophisticated and complicated worldly persons. In the first he often achieves striking success with cheap enough materials; in the second with a really wasteful expenditure of first hand observation of modern men and women of the world, he frequently ends in being only elaborately trivial. His partial success in general when he assumes this second manner is explained by the nearly perfect success of its present example. 'Love in Idleness,' with but a hundred and fifty or so pages, has no space for elaborate tediousness, and if Mr. Crawford will confine his clever social studies to the present size, and keep his three volumes for thrilling incidents and mystery and romance, his art and his permanent reputation will not suffer. This holiday tale of the diffident love-making of a gentle young man and a blunt and breezy young woman reminds one a little of Mr. Antony Hope in his lighter vein, only the heart and the reality beneath the surface are made a little more evident. It is a clever, amusing, and sympathetic story, and favourably compares in real power with any of the author's bulkier efforts. It should be mentioned that it is very daintily and artistically bound, Mr. Laurence Housman being the designer.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF GEOFFREY HAMLYN. By Henry Kingsley. New Edition, with a Memoir. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

It was high time for a re-issue of Henry Kingsley's novels, and that he will have a new lease of popularity with a new generation of readers there is little doubt. It would indeed seem to be anticipated that he will eventually hold a higher place as a writer of fiction than his hitherto more famous brother. 'Geoffrey Hamlyn' is an excellent story, vigorous and dramatic in no ordinary degree. So is 'Ravenshoe;' every story he wrote deserves a fresh welcome. And one clear advantage he had over his brother in having no particular school of doctrine or practice to uphold. Much of Charles Kingsley's work, all his novels of modern life, for instance, are bound to be out of date before Henry's: so far the newer critics are right. Further, it is neither safe nor intelligent to go, for there are qualities and powers in 'Westward Ho!' in 'Hereward,' and 'Hypatia' to which Henry can make no claim. There are several interesting features in this new edition, a portrait of Henry Kingsley, a sympathetically written memoir, the fullest that has ever appeared, by Mr. Clement Shorter, and some illustrations of scenes connected with the novelist's life by Mr. Herbert Railton.

IN FURTHEST IND. The Narrative of Mr. Edward Carlyon, of the Honourable East India Company's Service. Edited by Sidney C. Grier. (Blackwood.)

This is one of the most ingenious imitations of an actual record ever written. The editor reveals himself as author in a note in the appendix, and we were prepared for the announcement, of course, for the period with which the book deals, Charles II's time, is too remote to make a perfect echo of its language possible. Nevertheless, Mr. Grier is to be congratulated and wondered at for the near approach he has made to the style and the sentiments of the epoch he illustrates. This imitation, however, is our least reason for speaking well of his book. He has broken entirely new ground for fiction, in describing the life and the possible adventures of the Company's servants in the seventeenth century, and he has at the same time made a real contribution to history. It would be difficult to give an idea of the careful research which has gone to the making of this book. The research has been cleverly and not wearisomely used in the narrative, being closely knit about the fortunes of the hero, but it must be owned that it is the novel facts, the new life opened up that are of first interest in the book, and not the mere story. We can imagine 'In Furthest Ind' being an excellent supplement to the story that Mr. Stevenson would write with a little of the same material. The hero, Edward Carlyon, would be somewhat Stevensonian, had he a little charm added to his prudence and virtue. He may be described as a Puritan cavalier, a very well-ordered, rigid young man, who, however, does get into scrapes for our entertainment, and undergoes sufferings at the hands of the Inquisition as bravely as any of Fox's Martyrs. His love story is a little conventional, and his final prosperity a little uninteresting, but his service in the Company is the occasion for a narrative of adventures always powerful and often fascinating.

CZAR AND SULTAN. The Adventures of a British lad in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78. By Archibald Forbes. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

Perhaps Mr. Forbes was not very well advised in giving the form of a novel to his bright and vigorous narrative of the Russo-Turkish war. The fictitious part is so very thin, that it was hardly worth introducing at all. Probably it would have seemed still more interesting had he given the narrative simply as his own adventures and observations. Be that as it may, we have in 'Czar and Sultan' the most vivid and most vigorous account of the war from a picturesque and military point of view that has yet appeared. Tales of battles, adventures, hardships, are interspersed with character drawing and pages of political history of real value. Russia and Turkey are both here as seen through the eyes of one who held a brief for neither, and their heroisms are recorded with fine appreciation, and with rare power of making civilian readers realise the facts. Gourko's Passage of the Balkans is a model of vigorous narrative.

LESSER'S DAUGHTER. By Mrs. Andrew Dean. Pseudonym Library. 1s. 6d. (Unwin.)

Mrs. Andrew Dean's special talent lies in the delineation of disagreeable characters. In three stories she has achieved three distinct successes, the 'Splendid Cousin,' Mrs. Finch-Brassey, in the book so called, and now Corona in her latest one. The 'Splendid Cousin' was the artist nature corrupted by selfishness and incapacity, 'Mrs. Finch-Brassey' was a type of glaring vulgarity. Corona is indeed vulgar enough, but that quality is only one of the disagreeable items in her cold-blooded, conscienceless, stubborn nature. A beautiful Austrian who married for money a little, insignificant, ugly, English Jew, Lesser Bremen, she despises her new country almost as much as she does her husband, and brings up her daughter in worldly,

frivolous fashion and as much against Lesser's wishes as she can contrive. With her indomitable will and his yielding nature this is easy enough. Perhaps he is still more successfully painted, the little ugly man with the common manner and the loyal heart, whom people snubbed so instinctively, and whom his wealth left powerless and of no account. Unfitted for most struggles in life, he is quite unfit to cope with his wife, and does not even know how to prepare himself for that or any other crisis better than by steadily reading through every day a certain portion of Alison's History of Europe and similar robust literature, in consideration of the fact that he had had early disadvantages. Aline, the daughter, plays an important part, it is true, but not so important as the title suggests. Lesser himself is the centre of interest, otherwise the victim. To let him be completely so, Mrs. Dean makes him die, and here there is a grave flaw in the story. For in spite of all the bitterness that was his, he would not have died of the Count Surian episode in the ordinary course of events. So an aneurism has to be invented, and when that has taken him off, Aline says to her mother they have killed him, which must have been unconvincing to Corona's conscience, for the aneurism had not been heard of for years, and she could not be expected to keep it always in her mind as a restraining force. Now, if that morning on the mountain he had been killed while saving Aline from the villain, or if he had fought a duel with Count Surian, in which he would have been bound to fall, his wife, who was responsible for the encouragement of the rascally Count, might have seen her share in his death. But it mattered little; he was an excellent man of business, and her settlements would certainly be all right.

CHRISTINA CHARD. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. 3 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

Not Australia, but only its echo is here, and all the worse for the story. London society life in fiction becomes a mere muddle in all but the skilfullest hands, and Christina, the mysterious Australian heiress, does not find in the confusion of gossip and social functions a fitting opportunity for showing off her striking powers. Not altogether commonplace in plot, the characters, setting, and arrangement are much below Mrs. Praed's best, and the leading up to the discovery that Christina had a history of a thrilling kind before she took in hand to make the most desirable habitués of London salons and studios her victims, is more than usually wearisome. The occult power over mankind that the strange heroine with the red hair possesses, and the visionary nature of her child Ralda, seem only to add an element of uncomfortableness, and not of interest.

A LOST IDEAL. By Annie S. Swan. 3s. 6d. (Oliphant.)

The stories of Mrs. Burnett Smith invariably appeal to wholesome sympathies; the incidents in them are always abundant, and the variety of life they represent makes the advent of each one a matter of curiosity and interest to her many readers. But perhaps in none of her previous books have the characters been so firmly drawn and so life-like as in 'A Lost Ideal.' The weak and selfish Woodgate, the beautiful and brilliant Countess Reutensee, and poor little Miss Ryder writing her thirty-seventh three-volume novel, are among the author's most distinct successes.

DR. ENDICOTT'S EXPERIMENT. By Adeline Sergeant, 2 vols. (Chatto.)

This is in Miss Sergeant's earlier and, we think, more successful manner. That is, it is a novel with plenty of plot and sensation, and little fine writing, or sentiment, or analysis of emotions. In its own line it is very good, only the materials out of which it is made are unpleasant. A case of deadly disease is the object of Dr. Endicott's experiment. The reputation he would have gained by the cure is snatched from him by a fatal accident to the patient. A ghastly attempt at disinterring the body for scientific purposes, is disturbed by the husband of the dead woman, and in the scuffle that ensues he dies. Other horrors follow, and many complications, through which Miss Sergeant steers her way with skill, making out of the cold-blooded doctor's experiment and its consequences, an interesting if gruesome story.

A MODERN DON QUIXOTE. By Mrs. J. K. Spender. (Hutchinson.)

'A Modern Don Quixote' is a good story spoilt by a profusion of material. Modern social questions, artistic life in Italy, society life at home, idealism, sensation, and philanthropy, crowd and clash in its pages. The main story is an interesting one. The hero, a young man of advanced Socialistic ideas, gives up the luxurious life his half-brother offers him, in order to earn his own living as an artist. He is a very poor artist, but if his pictures are bad, his power of taking care of other people is unusual, and he is given many opportunities. One *protégée*, an Italian girl, with the making of a fine voice, falls in love with him, and as rumour has unjustly coupled their names, he marries her, and tries to make an artist and an idealist out of her. It is a hopeless affair, and at her request he returns to England alone. News reaches him of a terrible end that has befallen her, but as he stands at the altar with his recovered first love, found, of course, working in the East End, the wife appears and forbids the banns. We need say nothing more than that the story ends happily, with a subdued happiness, as becomes the sequel of such depressing events. It is the tedious and ambitious talk of philanthropy and art that ruins the book. The example of the artist nature, Stephen, with his imaginations stolen from Gautier, is weak and incoherent. Then the story is not well written. When the hero tells the fashionable girl who would fain marry him that he means to work hard, she should not be made to say anything so ridiculous as, "Why, you would reduce yourself to a ridiculous Nirvana of self-effacement!" There are limits to the decent satirization of even cold-hearted fashionable beauties. Nor is it pretty to say of a sudden light in a lady's eyes, "It was like the blower of a grate suddenly raised and illuminating everything into a blaze."

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY. His life and his work. With selections from his poems. By Louise Chandler Moulton. (Mathews and Lane.)

The editor and the publishers were right when they determined to seek new appreciation of O'Shaughnessy by means of a selection, rather than by a re-issue of all he wrote. Even the present selection could be still further reduced. There would not be a bulky remainder, but it would be such as could raise no question of O'Shaughnessy's great merits at his best. Among the minor poets of the last half-century he must hold an honourable place in spite of the want in him that his sympathetic editor has pointed out, his fatal absence of the faculty of self-criticism, which left broken feeble places in what should have been exquisite poems. Still he wrote "Bisclaveret"; and where is there a finer utterance of the uncivilised longings in man?

"In either mood, to bless or curse,
God bringeth forth the breath of man;
No angel sire, no woman nurse,
Shall change the work that God began:

"One spirit shall be like a star,
He shall delight to honour one;
Another spirit he shall mar;
None shall undo what God hath done."

Such is the prelude to the strange song of the wild life of forest and hill in the darkness, which calls to men by their home firesides, and sometimes finds response.

Mrs. Moulton has not much new to tell of the poet, but she has done her editorial and critical part with tact and sympathy, while the publishers have given a very attractive form to this tribute to O'Shaughnessy's memory and genius.

RAPHAEL'S MADONNAS, and other Great Pictures, with a Life of Raphael and an Account of his Chief Works. By Karl Károly. 21s. net. (Bell.)

The editor claims that this is the first book in which reproductions of all the authentic Madonnas of Raphael are given, and, as an additional distinction, that the reproductions have been made in every case from the pictures themselves. The reproductions, we do not say in all instances, but nearly in all, are excellent, some of the photogravures being

specially successful, and many a lover of art who cannot travel over Europe from gallery to gallery will have here the material for serious and delightful study of Raphael. It is not a book that will be left stranded on a drawing-room table and never opened, the fate of many a handsome picture volume. Raphael appeals to a wide as well as a delicate taste, and the purchase of the book would not be a bad investment for the head of a household careful of the artistic education of his children. The editor's memoir is just what is wanted to introduce a book of the kind, and its text is interspersed with a large number of smaller pictures other than Madonnas.

CORIDON'S SONG, and other Verses. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. Introduction by Austin Dobson. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Thomson chose his songs excellently for purposes of illustration. "Coridon's Song," as all lovers of Walton knows, is one of the most charming praises of country life ever put into verse;

> "Then care away,
> And wend along with me"

is irresistible as music, while each stanza has a rustic suggestion for the artist's pencil. Among the other old rhymes successfully wedded to pictures are 'Who Liveth so Merry,' 'The Journey to Exeter,' 'A Hunting we will Go,' and 'Sir Dilberry Diddle.' One criticism it is impossible to refrain from. Graceful all his pictures are, and some of them daintily humorous, but they are not as English as the rhymes. Mr. Austin Dobson writes interesting notes on the verses by way of introduction to one of the prettiest gift-books of the season.

FROM SPRING TO FALL; or, When Life Stirs. By "A Son of the Marshes." (Blackwood.)

"A Son of the Marshes'" books have been a trifle thin and indefinite of late; a striving after fine poetical writing was visible, with the result that the supply of rhetoric was much greater than the natural history. 'From Spring to Fall' must be excepted. In style it will possibly be considered much less attractive, for there are many marks of hurry in its abrupt statements and its general jerkiness of construction. But the information is not thin spread, and it is very definite and exact. The book should be a delightful country companion, not only as a record of a specialist's observation, but as particularly stimulating to amateur naturalist studies. The chapter "A Wet Autumn" may be quoted as a good example of observation with interesting results within the powers of anyone with good eyes and country opportunities. Apart from exact information, the conjectures are plausible and ingenious. Herons haunt trout-streams, and trout are their easy prey. "It's the ile in their legs and feet what does it, it draws the trout to 'em, and other fish too." Such is the rustic explanation, for which "A Son of the Marshes," disbelieving in heron-oil substitutes the following: "The beautiful legs and feet of the heron, when in the water, resemble the stems of aquatic plants, and the faintest ripple or flow heightens the illusion. . . . All fish will nibble at the stems of water-plants, and more especially if air-bubbles are on them. . . . It is quite natural for the fish to mistake the shimmering glitter of the heron's legs for some water-stem on which air-bubbles are clustered, and to go and nibble it. He goes there right enough, but does not come back."

THE COMPREHENSIVE CONCORDANCE to the Holy Scriptures. By Rev. J. B. R. Walker. (Nelson.)

The main fact to be noted about this 'Concordance' is that it contains fifty thousand more references than the well-known Cruden's. There are other advantages for which the searcher in a hurry will be grateful, among which may be named, the separation of derivative words from their primaries. For instance, "The morning stars *sang* together" will not, and should not, be found under the same head as "*Sing* unto Him a new song." This arrangement consistently carried out is no slight convenience. Complete as this concordance is—no Biblical student need desire a fuller one—it is of very reasonable size and weight. Two additional features of interest are Dr. William Wright's interesting history of the English Bible, and Dr. M. C. Hazard's "Bibliography of Concordances."

THE USE OF LIFE. By Sir John Lubbock. (Macmillan).

When Sir John Lubbock writes on science he writes for students; when he writes on other things he has a special but a wider audience in view. It might be difficult to define for whom exactly "The Pleasure of Life," and "The Beauties of Nature" were intended, but there is no such doubt about the present volume. It is a gift-book, and a good one too, for the very young, for those to whom the difficulties and problems of life are mere names. Sir John Lubbock speaks of life in the most cheerful tones, and inculcates the thrifty, prudent virtues in a wholesome fashion. It is very proper that youth should be so addressed, and that they should read from an elementary text-book first, till life puts questions to them that no such text-book will answer. To those who have had such questions put to them the complacent sententiousness of this guide will sound a little flippant and irreverent, but it cannot be meant for them. Sir John quotes from surely all the authors dead and living in support of his downright cocksure maxims, but it is mostly by the vague generalities of his authorities he is reinforced, by such sentiments as may delight the literary or the symmetrical sense but could never be of service to a thinking mind. It is only the record of special individual experiences that can help where help is needed, and biographies of sinners contain better counsel than books of the most faultless maxims.

THE YELLOW BOOK. Vol. III. 5s. (John Lane.)

Its promise to provide permanent literature the 'Yellow Book' fulfils in its third volume by Mr. William Watson's charming love-song, and Mr. John Davidson's "Ballad of a Nun." The fiction is rather less good than in the earlier numbers, though in Mr. Ernest Dowson's "Apple Blossom in Brittany," and in the editor's "When I am King," there is excellent workmanship. But on Mr. Max Beerbohm's defence of George IV. depends the power of the volume to amuse. Mr. Beerbohm's earlier contributions some of us felt inclined to frown on austerely. But we no longer wish to snub or ignore him. He is very funny when "in a spirit of real earnestness" he essays "to point out to the mob how it has been cruel to George." Philanthropy goes up and down to-day seeking whom it may take care of. Princes are the last object of its loving pity, and Mr. Beerbohm is the missionary to their sore needs, and the interpreter of "the beautiful life" which one of them led. We do not pretend to know if Mr. Beerbohm is ever serious or sincere except in the high spirits which impel him to say naughty things—perhaps the natural reaction after what he himself calls "the confounded surveillance of childhood." Very likely not, and if not, the sentimental form which he has given to his cynicism or his fooling is really original, and will seem very amusing—for a little time. We have spoken of Mr. Watson's and Mr. Davidson's poems. Well, both poets have now many readers who may be trusted to procure the 'Yellow Book' for their sakes. It may not be superfluous, however, to point to the poem of a young writer of much promise, Miss Nora Hopper, the "Lament of the Last Leprechaun"—a lament for the old times of story and song that have passed away—

> "For the sorrow of the sea,
> For the song's unquickened seeds,
> For the sleeping of the Shee,
> My grief!"

Mr. Philip Broughton's "Mantegna," Mr. Wilson Steer's, and, of course, Mr. Beardsley's contributions to the art department, must all have their several admirers.

THE AGE OF POPE. By John Dennis. Handbooks of English Literature. 3s. 6d. (Bell.)

This is the first volume of a by no means superfluous new series which Professor Hales is editing, and "which it is hoped will be of service to students who love literature for its own sake, instead of regarding it merely as a branch of knowledge required by examiners." We have the standard text-books of English literature, giving facts and dates and more or less accurate general surveys of epochs, and there are, of course, such admirable guides to the study of special writers as the "English Men of Letters" series. But some handbooks were wanted which should deal with the general characteristics and the particular literary facts of an age, in a

more comprehensive and also more detailed way than any save a very elaborate history of literature can attempt; and the present series aims at supplying the want. Mr. Dennis's 'Age of Pope' may be described as useful. That it is not intended for any particular class of readers is a distinct recommendation. It is not beyond the comprehension of the elder pupils in schools, and many long past school age will find it a serviceable and convenient addition to their library. It is clearly arranged, accurate, and gives generally the average opinion of competent critics on the various prose and verse writers and the tendencies of the time. But a series of this kind has not an easy task before it. Since they aim at being something more than mere school-books, we begin at once to demand fresh or weighty literary criticism. Such this first volume does not offer; the proof being that Mr. Dennis's matter and style are not excellent enough to make us swallow willingly some personal opinions or prejudices he sets forth. But to say that it is not first-rate criticism is only to caution readers from indulging in unduly high expectations of what is meant in the first place to be a convenient book. One suggestion we would make for the forthcoming volumes. Mr. Dennis mentions a great many authorities on the subjects he deals with, and careful students will find his references a valuable guide, but he makes no distinct list. The giving of lists of authorities in manuals of study is an excellent modern habit. It often justifies a poor book; it would have much improved this creditable one.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. *(An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.)*

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

ARIEL.—Very good indeed. The idea is clearly thought out, which is rare in this kind of subject, and is well expressed in the style you have chosen. I don't recommend your practising that style, however, in writing prose, even poetical prose. There is distinct promise in this.

A. C. (Liverpool).—A very absurd story. In all the records of robbers and murderers, did you ever hear of one making such coherent notes of his plans and intentions? The language is too fine for ordinary use. The best advice I have to offer in your case is, Cultivate a sense of humour.

A. G. S.—A dull version of the Revolted Daughter. Its goody-goody tone might be its recommendation in certain directions, if some care were taken to brighten the narrative and the dialogue.

A. T. P.—There are many good points about your story, but I find it a little incoherent at times, and difficult to follow. The scuffling and violence would perhaps be better realised if they were treated less in detail. A story paper might accept it.

BACHELOR.—Perhaps a young men's paper would welcome your counsels. The joke is an old favourite, but expressed a little laboriously here, and with no over-refinement.

C. P.—Some of the stanzas are good; others not so. Stanza 5, "Production's chafing tardiness," etc., and 7, "It shows the work," etc., are harsh-sounding and not very clear. Still, the verses have thought in them.

D. E. A.—Very creditable. In the Theocritus one I don't like the half-comic familiarity of the last line. And for the other, only the highest skill can convince one of the suitability of such metre in English. Some of your lines are, however, musical.

DAMŒTA.—The second paper is much the better of the two, and a children's magazine might accept it for its truth to certain aspects of child-life. The first is much more ambitious, but the same kind of thing has been often done before, and needs the lightest of touches, in fact real literary skill, to make it interesting. It is some time before one finds out the subject owing to an orthographical peculiarity.

RAY DENE.—The poems are very sympathetic, and I hope the success they deserve will come at last. The "Plea" is, poetically, the best of the three, though the long one, from its subject, would be most likely to be accepted. You might send it to newspapers—democratic ones—rather than magazines. I don't think you can, with a conscience, use "fawn" as a transitive verb, in stanza 2. No. 3 is pretty in a sentimental way, but it is vague, and framed on a poorer model.

EBORACUM.—Good. Its gloominess will be much against its acceptance, for the majority of editors and readers still like cheerfulness. But you might offer it, at least. I think the introduction is a mistake. Begin at the story.

F. D.—The subject is one of such pressing and melancholy interest, that any serious contribution is of value. This might possibly be accepted by a journal that concerns itself with social questions, but the journal might expect you to consider how far such a condition of things as you describe is likely to be altered by the new legislation about to come into force. You need not omit the beginning, but might modify it; it is written in rather too pompous a style. Some words you use inaccurately, *e.g.* p. 2, "supplant" and "aggrieved."

F. D. C.—Fair for an amateur. This kind of work demands not only intimate knowledge, but much practice in the expression of the criticism. The usual terms of admiration and the reverse are often meaningless or vague as applied here. Don't try to find moral "lessons" and "messages" in picture-galleries. The messages may be there, but are not to be expressed in moral terms. The writing is often incorrect: "One tree has broken *amidships*," "The vanguard of a mass of stormy clouds *have* been," etc. What does the last sentence on p. 1 mean?

F. G. B.—Bold poetry. There are some lines I can't understand, for lack of an equally bold imagination, *e.g.*, "And the eve is here, like an acolyte, With Venus to light us home." I don't know what "Chaos-down" means, and I should advise your decreasing the number of "Hey-day's" and "What-ho's," and such-like expressions. You have a sense of melody—a perilous gift.

GREATHEART.—The only unpromising thing about you is your tendency to over-production. However bright and clever your writing may be, it can't have much value yet. You might lie fallow for a year or two with advantage, or practice inventing plots or prepare the material for a historical novel, which you need never write. Stories of domestic life don't seem to be the best kind of exercise for you.

CONNIE GREY.—Poetical, but wanting in clearness of thought and idea. It hardly leaves even a definite impression. The mixture of images is not very happy, sometimes, *e.g.*, "A dreamy silence rests upon the hills, In red-gold flames that lie speechless and lone, like some sad souls that hold In a cool stillness their soft summer dreams," etc. Analyse the meaning to yourself, first, and then try a revised version.

EVELYN HOPE.—Not promising. Your scheme of rhyming is too uncertain to be criticised. Scan the lines; that will be the best criticism of the metre. The matter, if vague, is as good as that of many songs heard in drawing-rooms.

INKPOT.—This is fair. But you have hardly a firm enough grip of life yet to write novels that are worth writing. Wait a few years. In the meanwhile you might try your hand at children's stories—domestic ones.

L. B.—You should keep to one plan of rhyme. Verses 5 and 6 have rhymed lines where the others have repetitions, and the effect is not pleasing. Otherwise very fair. The metre you have chosen is a good one.

M. P.—It is a good sign that you should be thinking of training and practice rather than publication. You might form a society of the kind you suggest among your friends. Your story is thin and weakly, but is not without promise. The weakness in its construction you would soon see, and perhaps remedy, if you talked the matter over with some one interested in your work. It isn't at all clear, for instance, how the son found his mother. You mention his dream in so casual a way.

MISTRESS KATE.—Perhaps the little space at your disposal was against you. These little essays are not very good. There are a great many mistakes in grammar and construction, *e.g.*, "However much though we may prize," etc.; "I do not believe that humour is J.'s forte, but the rather pathos." You might exercise a little more discrimination in your study of literature. Catholicity in good things is all very well, but need not include enthusiasm for inferior ones. Your theory of the comparative lastingness of literature, painting, sculpture, and music is all wrong, of course. And, except in fun, it is not very intelligent to lump "heavy reading" as "philosophy, history, Carlyle, Browning, and the like." Your mind is not ripe enough yet for criticism.

NEMO.—You should try to rouse your neighbours to a like appreciation by offering this to a local newspaper. Some of the descriptions are interesting, and all are careful. Composition fair; phrases often commonplace. First sentence much too long and mixed.

O. H. G. T.—Might serve as an introductory paper at a discussion club. When you had heard the discussion you would doubtless be able to write a better essay. It is no recommendation to a paper on so technical a subject to say it took only "two and three-quarter hours, and, beyond a few figures taken from Whitaker, there was no preliminary preparation!" Material and thoughtful preparation are everything in a case of this kind. What is the meaning of "a good round," p. 1? And who are "the citizen class?"

PARISH DOCTOR.—For practice, I should advise your going over these verses, scanning every line, mending all those that are faulty in metre, and correcting the mistakes in rhyme. Your ear is in want of training. Reading good poetry will be better than writing verse of your own.

R.—Slight, but very nicely written. I should suggest rather fewer reflections by way of emphasising the pathos of the incident. The story has hardly substantial enough interest for a magazine to accept it readily, but you could probably write popular stories of quiet life. Keep the moralising down as much as possible.

R. A. E.—I think you will have great difficulty in persuading a

publisher to take these at his own risk. You could print them at your own expense, of course, but I don't advise your doing so.

RACQUET.—Good for your age, but not precocious. Some years of practice and mental training must pass before one would be justified in answering your question. If you write more stories, don't invent more than one serious accident within the space of a few pages.

F. R. ROBERTS.—Fair, judging it by the novelette standard. But is this kind of thing worth doing? It reads like an echo of a story, not a transcript from real life, and the style is weak, stilted, and sometimes not a little ridiculous, *e.g.*, "Free, but how altered. His brown moustache was no longer brown," etc. And the scene where the good Alice discovers Frederick making love to another lady is very unnatural. I believe there is a market for this kind of thing, but not in the magazines of to-day.

STRATHYRE.—Verse written on a solid model, a trifle ponderous, however, for the occasion. A song would have been more fitting than these didactic stanzas. But as you have a turn for didactic verse, try to make your metre less jingly.

S. J. M.—You have chosen a difficult subject. You have spoken a good deal about the pain and horror of the man on the bridge, but you hardly make one realise them. The reflections he makes are rather commonplace. The thoughts of a commonplace man in a like situation would probably be less articulate, but his despair and terror would need more vivid painting. This would do well enough as an incident in a story, but unsupported it strikes one as weak.

STADACONA.—Fair. Metre good. Sentiment also good; expression a little *banal*.

TANCRED TANCRED.—The story has merit, but I hardly think even greater merit could hide the improbability. Even a blind man would have recognised the voice, not dimly, as you suggest, but with certainty. Otherwise, I have little but praise for it. Your very straightforward, rapid method of narration is good, but you should practise another, too, for some purposes. You could only give the bare outlines of facts and feelings in such a style, which is more suitable for tales of adventure than of emotion.

THALASSA.—Very good. Shows distinct promise. As you say yourself, it would hardly have marketable value, seeing that there is no evidence in it of a knowledge of the original. But it shows an intelligence and a love of literature that should serve you some time to gain the kind of work you want. Its success in the competition would be a good testimonial.

UXIMA.—No. 5 has some promise. The others are very crude.

W. C. B.—Read the lines aloud, and then try to describe the effect of the sound. You might afterwards write the narrative in simple prose, and compare the respective effects of the verse and the prose on your ear. Verse serves no purpose if it be not melodious, or poetically, or picturesquely worded.

W. F. A.—I do not see promise in these verses. The feelings they try to express seem very vague or very trite, and the metre has no melody in it. I think verse-writing would only bring you disappointment.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BUXTON, H. J. W.—Prayer and Practice, 7/6.....Skeffington
BROOKS, S.A.—God in Christ, 5/- ..... P. Green
Church of the People, 3/6 ..... Stock
DAWSON, W. J.—The Making of Manhood .. Hodder and Stoughton
[*Manly and generous counsel to young men and to those who have influence over them. The whole of their life, social, moral, intellectual, is considered, and young men of every creed will find the counsels stimulating.*]
DYER, A. S.—Psalm-Mosaics..... Stock
[*Written on a curious and interesting plan. Mr. Dyer has collected an enormous number of testimonies to the help and consolation that the Psalms, generally and individually, have given to eminent persons, and to the place the Psalms hold in human history.*]
FEATHER, REV. J.—John the Baptist, 2/ ..... Simpkin
FELTOE, C. L.—Book of Judges, 1/6.....Nisbet
FORSTER, F. A.—Daily Bible Readings taken from the Church Services, 2/6 ..... Skeffington
GIBBON, REV. J. M.—The Vision and the Call .....Stock
[*Sermons genial and cultivated in tone, but with passages spoilt by vagueness.*]
GODET, F.—Introduction to the New Testament: Vol. I, Epistles of St. Paul, 12/6 net. .....T. & T. Clark
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[*See p.* 58.]

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[*See p.* 52.]

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2. Eighteenth Century Essays (2nd Series). By Austin Dobson. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)
3. Yellow Fairy Book. Edited by Andrew Lang. 6s. (Longman.)
4. People of the Mist. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Longman.)
5. The Use of Life. By Sir John Lubbock. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
6. John Bull and Co. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d. (F. Warne & Co.)

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1. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann)
2. Historical Geography of the Holy Land. 15s. (Hodder.)
3. Epistle to the Romans. By Moule. 7s. 6d. (Hodder.)
4. Pilgrim's Progress. Fac-simile. 2s. 6d. (Stock.)
5. Yellow Fairy Book. By Lang. 6s. (Longmans.)
6. Life of Pusey. Vol. 3. By Liddon. 18s. (Longmans.)

MANCHESTER.

1. Weyman's Lady Rotha.
2. Weyman's Under the Red Robe.
3. Doyle's Round the Red Lamp.
4. Maclaren's Brier Bush.
5. Yellow Fairy Book.
6. Coridon's Song.

BIRMINGHAM.

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2. Tennyson's Works, new edition. 1 vol.
3. Weyman: Under the Red Robe.
4. The Green Carnation.
5. Weyman: My Lady Rotha.
6. R. W. Dale: Christian Doctrine.

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6. Tennyson's Works, complete. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

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2. The Ebb Tide. By Stevenson and Osbourne. 6s.
3. Perlycross. By Blackmore. 6s.
4. The Lilac Sunbonnet. By Crockett. 6s.
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Harper's Rambles in Galloway.
Macaulay's England, vol. 8, 6s. edit.
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MacTaggart's Gallovedian Encyclo.

Douglas or Field of Otterburn.
Rambles through Land of Burns, by Adamson.
S. C. Hall's Book of Memories.
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Richard Cable (S. B. Gould), vol. 2.
Galloway Gossip, by Saxon.

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Fortnightly Review, March, 1887.
Edwy: A Tragedy, 1864.
Hugo's (Thos.) Works, any.
Stephen's Commentaries, 11th ed., 1890.

JOHN BRUNSKILL, 12, NEVILLE ST., YORK.

William Law's A Guide to Rest.
Ferguson's History of Westmorland.
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Scott's Ivanhoe, neat illus. ed.

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Scott's Journal, 1 vol. ed.
Archæologia Cambrensis, vol. 15, 1869.

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Pastoral Addresses by Alfred Barrett.
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Theatre for 1887-9.
London Magazine, vol. 5, 11, 12.

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Sir F. Stiles, Greek Modes, pamphlet, 1760.
Proceedings of Musical Association, thirteenth and later Sessions.

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Baily's Magazine, Jan., 1893.
Health, vols. 3 and 17.
Royal Institution of Cornwall, Journal of, vol. 1 and part 20.
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